

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 835



NOV. 28, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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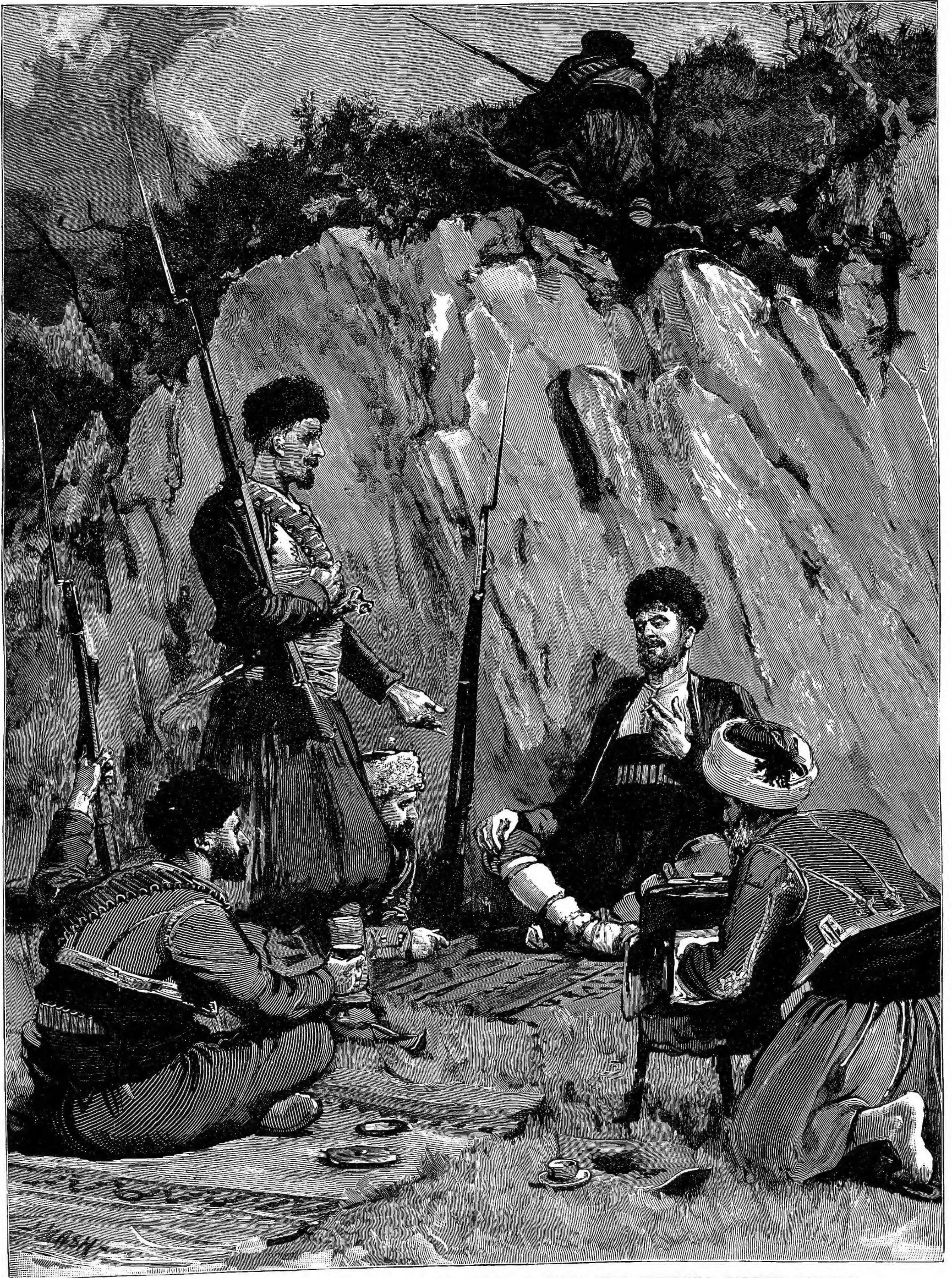
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 835.—VOL. XXXII.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1885

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SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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THE WAR BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA—A BULGARIAN OUTPOST NEAR HERMANLI, EASTERN ROUMELIA
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH THE BULGARIAN FORCES

Topics of the Week

TORIES AND RADICALS.—During the electoral agitation it has often been said that the real distinction between Conservatives and Radicals is that the latter believe in State interference, the former in individual liberty. And there is some truth in this view, so far as the question of Allotments and the question of Free Education are concerned. But if we take the whole programme of each of the two parties, it is not at all clear that the distinction holds good. For instance, the Conservatives are certainly not inclined to limit the existing functions of the State in its relations to the Church, whereas the Radicals hold that the State ought to have nothing to do with ecclesiastical institutions, but that every religious body should be allowed to fight its way in free competition with its rivals. Again, take the question of Free Trade. The Conservatives as a party have not, of course, committed themselves to Fair Trade or to Protection; but many of their leaders—Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill included—have shown that they would not object to impose a prohibitive duty on some of the commodities which are now flooding the English market. The Radicals, on the contrary, insist that it would be the greatest folly on the part of the State to revive the system by which in former times it sought to control the operation of economic causes. The truth seems to be that the differences which separate the two parties cannot be explained by reference to any single principle. Each of them believes in State interference and in individual liberty, and sometimes the one element, sometimes the other, appears in the proposals of both. The Socialists are the only body of politicians who contend that all power should be concentrated in the hands of the Government, and for the present their fundamental doctrines are opposed equally by the Radicals and by the Conservatives.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH VOTE.—At the present moment Mr. Parnell is the most notable political figure in the three kingdoms. He will be arbiter of the situation unless one of two things happens. Either one of the great English parties must win a complete and decisive victory over the other; or, as soon as Parliament meets, the rival factions must agree on a joint policy as regards Ireland. Should neither of these contingencies occur, Mr. Parnell will almost necessarily be cock of the walk. We therefore examine with interest the manifesto put forth under his sanction by Mr. T. P. O'Connor. In some respects of course, it can scarcely be displeasing to Conservatives, comprising as it does a concise summary of the alleged crimes and misdemeanours of the Gladstone Cabinet. But prudent Conservatives will shrink from such a portentous and unnatural alliance as is here suggested. Reading calmly this violent tirade against English Liberals and English Radicals, one is tempted to ask whether the fury is genuine, or only simulated. It is probably in some degree genuine, out of revenge for the suspensions and imprisonments inflicted by the late Government on various Nationalist leaders. But on the whole the anger is calculated and artificial. The Tories, it is reckoned, will never dare to forget the electioneering aid thus given them, and, if they make up their mind to give Ireland another push in the direction of the whirlpool of National Independence, they will be aided by Radicals of the Morley and Chamberlain type. If, on the other hand, the olive branch had been held out by Mr. Parnell to the Liberals, Nationalist aspirations would have been strenuously opposed by a solid phalanx of Tory M.P.'s.

THE DEATH OF KING ALFONSO.—Modern Spain may well be called a country of calamities; but rarely has she been visited with so great a catastrophe as the untimely death of her young King. Alfonso XII. was a Bourbon, and had many weaknesses, but, during barely eleven years of rule, he had conferred untold benefits upon his country. He subdued a disastrous insurrection, restored in a great measure to Spain her financial stability and her commercial prosperity, and by his personal influence and ability did much to enable her to regain her position as a European Power. Moreover, no King could have been more personally popular with his subjects, who never found him shrink from danger, whether on a battlefield, or in a cholera epidemic. Now, however, it appears far from unlikely that the triangular duel of Alfonsists, Republicans, and Carlists will be resumed, and Spain once more reduced to political anarchy and commercial ruin. An attempt will be made to place his infant daughter on the throne, under the Regency of her mother, but it is too much to hope that even Señor Sagasta will be able sufficiently to control the advanced section of his followers to secure Queen Mercedes a reign of any duration.

THE BURMESE WAR.—The only question of real interest now remaining in connection with the Burmese war is whether the King will seek to prolong it by retiring to the less accessible parts of his dominions. It is already proved to demonstration that his troops are worthless. Not in a single encounter have they shown courage, while the old gift of the Burmese for holding out tenaciously in stockaded positions appears to have deserted the race. No doubt, the vastly improved arms now borne by the British soldier make a considerable difference. In our former wars with the Burmese,

our troops carried that abominable weapon, Brown Bess, and there was little to choose between it and the rusty old guns in the hands of the Burmese. But while we have been advancing with giant strides in the matter of military equipment, they have stood stock still. The King made a profound mistake in throwing down the gauntlet just before the beginning of the cold season. Had he only waited for a few months he would have placed the Indian Government at a serious disadvantage. Perhaps he may have conceived the idea of spinning out the dispute all through the winter months. If that was his notion, he must have overlooked the fact that a change of Government had happened in England. He might have succeeded in gaining time had the Gladstone Cabinet remained in office; they would probably have waited patiently until "a wave of public opinion" burst upon them in favour of war with Burma. But Theebaw should have known that the Tories would support Lord Dufferin in all he chose to undertake, although they might be disinclined to begin any war before the general election.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE CHURCH.—It was arranged when Mr. Gladstone went to Midlothian that he was to deliver only three speeches, but he could not resist the impulse to address a fourth meeting; so on Tuesday he made a final effort to rally his forces. On this occasion he spoke with passion and vehemence, but he was by no means successful in the attempt to make the Conservatives responsible for the prominence which has lately been given to the question of Disestablishment. The Radical leaders have, indeed, declared that, even if they had a majority, they would not try to settle the controversy in the new Parliament; but the declaration was wrong from them only when it had become certain that a large and powerful body of Liberals would vote with the Tories, or refuse to vote at all, rather than help to sever the connexion between Church and State. When the electoral agitation began, the Radicals as a party were confident that the Liberation Society was about to secure its object, and many of them did not hesitate to say so. The Conservatives were therefore forced to make the question a prominent one, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that it has already been of the greatest service to them. The lesson is not likely to be forgotten by the Liberals, whether the result of the General Election proves to be in their favour or not. During the last few weeks it has been made plain that the Church of England, as an Established Church, has a far stronger hold on the affections of the English people than the Radicals supposed. The Conservatives are unanimous in supporting it, and it is defended not less zealously by an important section of the Liberal party. The Radicals must see, then, that for a long time they will have to leave this question alone, and to confine their attention to subjects in which the Church is less directly interested.

HOURS OF POLLING.—The proverbial small boy is eager in his pursuit of the butterfly, but, having caught it, cares no more about it. Does not this apologue apply also to grown-up persons, and especially to politicians? We were red-hot in our eagerness for the extension of the franchise, and, if persons in high position had seriously thwarted that desire, we were almost prepared for revolution. The franchise, however, is but a barren gift to a man unless he can exercise it conveniently, and the arrangements made for the convenient exercise of the privilege are very far from what they should be. To close the polls at four would be too glaring an absurdity for a body of electors, the majority of whom have to work long and late; but is not the extension to 8 P.M., coupled with the paucity of polling-places, a very insufficient remedy? Setting aside rural grievances, let us say a word about Londoners. In these days the pick of our working-people live in the suburbs, start for town by workmen's trains or tramcars long before the polling-places are open, and often do not, except by grace of their employers, get home before the hour of closing arrives. And, even if a man does get back in time to his suburban station, it is rather a pull, before he has had time to refresh himself with supper or a wash, to trudge off for a mile or more up dimly-lighted and ill-paved thoroughfares, in search of the place where he ought to record his vote. We therefore ask that, before another General Election, the hours of polling be extended to 10 P.M., and that the polling-places be made more numerous, the cost being levied on the district rather than on the candidates.

KING MILAN AND PRINCE ALEXANDER.—Last week we referred to the chance that, in some unforeseen way, the war between Serbia and Bulgaria might lead to the abdication of King Milan. At the time this seemed an extremely improbable contingency, for Serbia had managed to convey the impression that she was by far the stronger of the two combatants. In the course of a few days the whole situation was changed. At all points the Servians were driven back, and now Prince Alexander declares that he will conclude peace only on Servian territory. The Servian people are, of course, dismayed by their losses, and it is not unlikely that they will insist on the dethronement of a King by whom they have been so wilfully misled. For the brilliant victories of the Bulgarians credit is due chiefly to Prince Alexander, who has displayed splendid courage and ability, and who has shown that he knows how to inspire his subjects with something of his own energy and enthusiasm. At the beginning of the conflict he prudently acknowledged the legal rights of his Suzerain; but his success has been so striking that the Porte

will certainly not be disposed to take advantage of his sul mission. The people of Eastern Roumelia are now more eager than ever to be united with their Bulgarian kinsfolk, and even in Russia the proposal has ceased to excite much hostility. One of the best results of this little war is that the Bulgarians will henceforth jealously guard their independence. They have proved that they possess the qualities which make free nations, and it will be very much less easy in the future than it has been in the past for Russia to compel them to do her bidding.

POLITICAL AMENITIES.—It is just as well that duelling has become obsolete in England. Otherwise we might expect to see a good many interesting combats reported in the papers, as the results of the personal abuse which rival candidates have been flinging at one another. That gentleman in the City who spoke of "Mr. Parnell and his band of assassins" would certainly have received a polite invitation to "tread the daisy" at his earliest convenience. Mr. Marriott, too, would probably have requested Mr. Chamberlain to give him the pleasure of his company at "pistols for two and coffee for one," instead of making a lawsuit out of such a trifling charge as forgery. All over the country the same license of tongue has prevailed, gentlemen publicly accusing one another of conduct which would be entirely incompatible with the position of a member of Parliament. Should, however, these antagonists subsequently meet in the House of Commons, they will show no signs of remembering the insults they lavished on one another, but become quite good friends, and have many a laugh over electioneering humours. It may be fine fun for them, but the exchange of Billingsgate badinage *coram publico* by embryonic M.P.'s is not conducive to public decorum. The baser sort are sure to copy such high exemplars, and there is certainly no need for that. On the whole, the recent reign of coarse and offensive talk affords a good deal of justification for the belief of the old school, that duelling had its good side as a corrective of manners. We should not much care to see the practice revived, but really, if the orator who spoke of the Irish members as "a set of bog-trotting scoundrels" had been summarily ejected from the room, and subjected to a little mild pumping outside, we think he would have only received his deserts. The use of such language is certainly not the best way to restore the *entente cordiale* between England and Ireland.

LECTORS AND EMIGRATION.—During the recent electoral campaign there has been an enormous deal of talk about the advantages and disadvantages of providing agricultural labourers with land-allotments, while scarcely anything has been said about emigration. Yet it may be shrewdly suspected that most farm labourers, if young and enterprising, would rather have a free passage to Australia or New Zealand, than rent (even at a considerably low price) a small plot of land at home. When Parliament meets, let us hope that this subject will not be forgotten. Year by year as the population of these islands increases it becomes more and more dependent for its livelihood on its ability to find markets abroad for its manufactures. The Colonies are far and away our best customers, and every industrious man and woman who goes there adds to the resources of the home exchequer. It would be none too much if the State were to spend a million sterling every year in assisting suitable persons to emigrate, the Agents-General of the several Colonies having some voice in the selection of the persons thus sent, and the amount being distributed equitably—in proportion to the sum contributed—over the various sections of the United Kingdom.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CHINA.—An entirely new and very much better spirit has apparently come into existence at Peking. Philosophically accepting the logic of events, the high Mandarins are already holding out the hand of friendship to France. Perhaps they may think that their late foes have had enough of Tonquinese adventures to last them for some years. Or it may be that the shadow of a greater enemy is projecting itself across the northern regions of the Celestial Empire, warning her rulers to make preparations for a far more terrible struggle than that in which they were lately engaged. Now that Russia finds it impossible to make further conquests in Central Asia without provoking war with England, her "ethnographical" diplomatists are beginning to pay increased attention to North-Western China. That dauntless traveller Colonel Prejelvasky has been so far baffled in his attempts to penetrate into Chinese Tibet, but, being one of those who are always encouraged by failure to try again, he is now renewing the effort with as much confidence as at first. It is, however, in the direction of Kuldja that Russian aggressiveness seems most likely to show itself. That valley was taken possession of some years ago by the Cossack, nor did China get it back without considerable trouble. Indeed, the dispute brought the two Governments to the very verge of war, and hostilities would probably have broken out had not the Czar had his hands full elsewhere. According to all accounts, Kuldja is not, in itself, worth making a fuss about, being a miserable country in most parts, and inhabited by a very unruly race. Its importance consists in the strategical advantages it would confer on Russia if bent on the invasion of Northern China. That fact is well known at Peking, where the news that Kuldja has again fallen into a disturbed condition, likely to provoke Russian interference, will be received, we may feel assured, with a considerable sense of uneasiness.

THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

READY MONDAY, DECEMBER 7,

will be
PRINTED IN COLOURS,
And will contain the following subjects.

PICTURES:

THE CURMUDGEONS' CHRISTMAS,

Illustrated by Eighteen Sketches

BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

THE ADVENTURES OF PINCHER.
Ten Sketches by BERTON BARBER.
ECHOES FROM THE NURSERY.
Eight Sketches by ADRIEN MARIE.
REHEARSING FOR THE PANTOMIME.
Eight Sketches by ADRIEN MARIE.
UNITED SERVICE.
By W. SMALL, R.I.

TIED OUT.
By ADRIEN MARIE.
A RAIL ON THE DESSERT.
Double-page, by E. K. JOHNSON.
RAVENS.
By ADRIEN MARIE.
BRITANNIA AND HER BOYS.
By G. DURAND.

THE PRESENTATION PLATE

COMPRISES TWO SUBJECTS—

“DOWN” AND “UP,”

BY W. L. THOMAS, R.I.

The Size of each Picture is 4½ by 16½ inches

The Literary Portion consists of a Story by Mrs. WALFORD, Authoress of “Mr. Smith,” “The Baby’s Grandmother,” &c., entitled

“THE HISTORY OF A WEEK,”

ILLUSTRATED BY W. SMALL, R.I.

THE EDITION PRINTED WILL BE 560,000.

But as a large proportion of this Number is already ordered for the United States, the Colonies, and abroad, it is necessary to repeat the usual request to

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LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock, OLIVIA, by W. G. Willis, 15th time. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Wintred Emery. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open till five, where Seats can be booked in advance, or by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at eight, the new play, by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled HOODMAN BLIND. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, Harrington, &c., and George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Hunley, Cooke, Clitherow, &c. Prices.—Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £2 5s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box Office, 2.30 to 5.50. No fees. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages at 11. Box Office open till 5.50. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3,700). MATINEE of GREAT PINK PEARL, Saturday next at Three, preceded by ANDY BLAKE at 2. Doors open at 1.45. Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS' MATINEE, December 2. Special programme.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 7.45, ANDY BLAKE. Followed by (at 9) the very successful farcical play, in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh called THE GREAT PINK PEARL. For cost see daily papers. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 7.45. Carriages at 11. Box Office open till 5.50. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3,700). MATINEE of GREAT PINK PEARL, Saturday next at Three, preceded by ANDY BLAKE at 2. Doors open at 1.45. Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS' MATINEE, December 2. Special programme.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. E. RUSSELL, and Mr. G. F. BASHFORD. DARK DAYS, by J. Comyns Carr and Hugh Conway. EVERY EVENING at Eight. Mr. H. Beer-balm-Trec, Mr. C. Snelton, Mr. R. Pateman, Mr. E. Maurice, Mr. J. B. Durham, Mr. Forbes Dawson, Mr. J. H. H. Foote, Miss Helen Forsyth, and Miss Legrand. Booking Office open daily till 5. No fees.—HAYMARKET.

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MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at THREE as well. Doors open at 2.30 and 7. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7. No fees of any description.

TO-MORROW (MONDAY) AFTERNOON, at 3, TO-MORROW (MONDAY) NIGHT, at 8 (ST. ANDREW'S DAY), the magnificent Choir and Orchestra of the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will give a Grand Concert of SCOTTISH NATIONAL MUSIC.

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SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW. ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON. CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, ROOTS, &c. OPEN MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, at TWO O'CLOCK. Close at Eight p.m. Admission, Five Shillings. TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 9, 10, and 11, open at Eight a.m., close Nine p.m. Admission One Shilling. R. VENN, Secretary. Royal Agricultural Hall Co., Limited.

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BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run on the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s. 6d. available by these Trains only.

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THE SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR

AN ADVANCE POST AT HERMANLI

WHEN Prince Alexander proclaimed the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria his chief thought was to guard against any hostile action on the part of Turkey. Thus he established a strong cordon of troops along the Ottoman frontier, and himself visited many of the chief strategical points. Our illustration, from a sketch by M. Antoine Piotrowski, depicts one of these advanced posts at Hermanli, which lies on the direct road between Philippopolis and Adrianople, and is one of the stations on the railway connecting those towns. The sketch shows the miscellaneous character of the Eastern Roumelian forces—Prince Alexander's troops having been joined by volunteers from all parts of the province.

NOTES AT PHILIPPOPOLIS

WE gave a description of Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, some weeks since (No. 828, Oct. 10), and our present illustrations are from sketches, by M. Piotrowski, in the town. One of these shows one of the oldest quarters, where may be seen the ruins of the Roman fortifications, and next come various sketches of itinerant vendors, with a view of the street leading to the grand bazaar and the Konak or Palace of the Governor, where Prince Alexander resided during his stay at Philippopolis. One sketch depicts the arrival of Prince Alexander at Philippopolis about a fortnight since in order to hold council with M. Stransky on the situation, which had become complicated by the hostile attitude of King Milan, who moreover did not wait the result of these deliberations before declaring war. Of the various types illustrated, one of the chief is the water-carrier, who conveys that indispensable liquid to the inhabitants from reservoirs outside the town. His trade, however, will be considerably lessened, as an English Water Company has been established, and water will soon be distributed about the town as copiously as in old Roman days. The Zinganes or gipsies encamped outside the town are to be met with throughout South-Eastern Europe, where they attend fairs, and dance and sing much as their kinsmen, the Bohemians of Western Europe, are wont to do. Colonel Nicolaieff, whose portrait we give, is a Russian officer who has remained in the Bulgarian service despite the Czar's orders. Indeed he was a leading spirit in the recent revolution, and as commander of the First Battalion of Militia led the troops which surrounded the Konak, and summoned Gavril Pasha to surrender himself. On being remonstrated with for his rebellion by the commander-in-chief, a German Pole, General Drigolski, Colonel Nicolaieff calmly discharged a revolver at the feet of his superior, who thought it wise to withdraw. He treated Colonel Tchitchagoff, the Russian military attaché, as cavalierly, and by his firmness secured the success of the revolution. On the Provisional Government being organised he was created commander-in-chief of the Eastern Roumelian forces.

THE MOONLIGHTING TRAGEDY IN KERRY

THE main facts of this lamentable affair were given by us last week; here, therefore, in explanation of our engravings, we will merely call a few additional particulars from the columns of *The Freeman's Journal*. The affair was the result of a moonlight raid for arms, and had evidently no agrarian significance, for the victim, Mr. John O'Connell Curtin, was a member of the National League, and had recently contributed to a fund for the defence of certain fellow-tenants, who were in danger of eviction. He himself was a gentleman farmer, holding a leasehold farm, from the Earl of Kenmare, of over 160 acres. The place is called Castle Farm, and is situated near the small village of Molahiffe, and about halfway between Tralee and Killarney. The house is a substantial and comfortable building of two storeys. At the time of the attack, 7.20 p.m. on Friday, November 13th, Mr. Curtin was alone in the front parlour, and the rest of his family, including several men and women servants, were scattered about the house, two of the sons, Daniel and George Curtin, being in the outer kitchen. The hall door giving access to this kitchen was, as usual, unfastened, and through this there came three men (others being outside) wearing brown calico masks, and carrying shot guns. They demanded arms from the young men. Norah, one of the daughters, who was in the inner kitchen, rushed into the parlour to tell her father, who at once went upstairs to procure firearms. On his return began the affray which we recorded last week, and during which one of the moonlighters, Timothy Sullivan, and Mr. Curtin fell mortally wounded. It is enough here to say that the two sons, George and Daniel, showed great pluck and determination, in which they were gallantly supported by their sister Norah, but received no succour from their labourers, who seem to have turned tail and skeddaddled. The remains of Mr. Curtin were buried on the following Sunday, a procession of some two thousand people accompanying the funeral. Many of the women indulged in demonstrations of intense grief, such as now are only to be witnessed in remote parts of the South and West of Ireland. The burial place is a mound near the house, and commands a fine view of the Killarney Mountains.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. P. B. Kirwan.

FUNERAL OF LORD RANELAGH

THOMAS HERON JONES, seventh Viscount Ranelagh, and Baron of Navan in the Irish peerage, was born at Fulham, January 9th, 1812, and succeeded his father in 1820. He served for some time in the 1st Life Guards, in the 7th Fusiliers, and also in Spain, for which he received several orders. He took a prominent part in originating and forming the Volunteer Force of the country in 1859. At first Major of the South Middlesex Volunteers, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in 1860, and the same year commanded in that capacity in the brilliant review of the Volunteers held by the Queen in Hyde Park. In 1881 he was made a K.C.B. Lord Ranelagh's figure was a very familiar one in the clubs and fashionable life of the West End of London. He lived and died unmarried, and the title has now become extinct. He died on November 17th at his town residence, Mulgrave House, Fulham, after an illness which had for some time been pronounced to be hopeless.

His lordship's remains were on Saturday, Nov. 21st, interred with full military honours at Fulham Old Parish Church, in the presence of a large number of officers, belonging both to the Volunteer Force and to the Regular service. The funeral cortege was formed at the head-quarters of the South Middlesex Volunteers, Beaufort House, Walham Green, and consisted of about 600 officers and men of the corps which Lord Ranelagh formed, and commanded for over twenty-five years. The body was carried on a gun-carriage, drawn by six horses, with the usual mounted escort, furnished by the Royal Horse Artillery. The pall-bearers were all officers in command of Volunteer battalions. The service was choral, and was conducted by the chaplain of the corps and the Vicar of Fulham. After the Burial Service had been concluded, the South Middlesex Rifles formed up in the churchyard, and fired three volleys over the grave.—Our portrait of Lord Ranelagh is from a photograph by Fradelle, Regent Street.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE ZOO

MUCH interest has been excited by the presentation by the Marquis of Bath of two specimens of that curious fish, the Sly silurus (*Silurus glanis*). The silurus is the largest of all European freshwater fishes, and is found in Scandinavia and in the Danube. Its voracity is proverbial, and instances are quoted of a body of a child having been found entire in its stomach, while Grossinger relates that a Hungarian fisherman found the corpse of a woman in the stomach of a silurus. The present specimens, which have been deposited in the Reptile House, were brought from the Danube three years ago, and placed in the Marquis's preserve at Longleat, Warminster. They were then only seven inches long, now they weigh some eight-and-twenty pounds apiece, and as they had eaten up all their owner's trout, he decided to expel them, and banished them to the Gardens in Regent's Park.

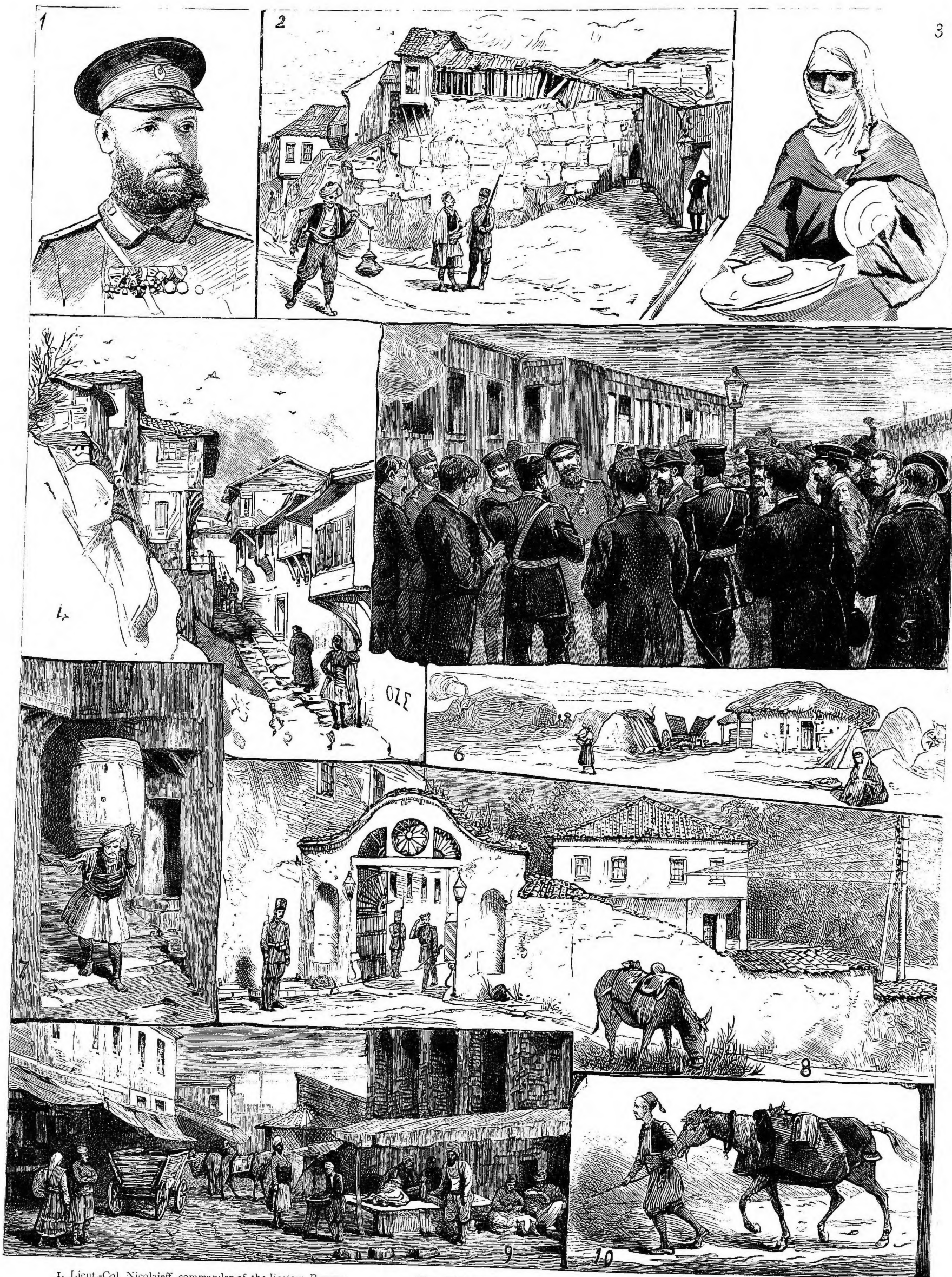
The Black Eyebrowed Albatross (*Diomedea melanophrys*) is a very interesting specimen, and hails from False Bay, South Africa. It has been presented by Mr. W. Ayshford Sandford, F.Z.S., while the Pleasant Antelope (*Tragelaphus gratus*) comes from Western Africa, and forms an interesting addition to the collection. It is a pretty little animal, very friendly with its keeper, who has named it Betsy. More general interest, however, will be felt in the Chimpanzee. “Sally,” as she is called, was purchased at Liverpool, and differs from the ordinary chimpanzee in that she is black all over, including face and hands, and that the head is bald—the chimpanzee ordinarily possessing a quantity of hair. There is also a difference in the size of the ears, in the elevated forehead, expanded nostrils, thicker lips, and expression of the face. She has always shown a disposition towards animal food, eating birds in particular, and killed and ate a young pigeon every day for some months. After a time she was supplied with cooked mutton and beef, and has done well on meat diet. No chimpanzee has been previously found to eat meat of any kind, and “Sally” differs so from the ordinary species that Mr. Bartlett has classified her as *Tragodytes calvus*. Sally is very lively and playful, and as a rule is good tempered. Of the two last specimens the American moose presented by the Marquis of Lorne is too well known to need describing, while the Aoudas—Wild Sheep of Barbary (*Ovis tragelaphus*) are amongst the latest purchases for the Gardens. There are two young and healthy looking specimens with rough brown coats and a fringe of hair down their necks. They are male and female, and come from North Africa.

“ROMEO AND JULIET” IN SINGHALESE

A REMARKABLE feature of progress amongst the educated natives of Ceylon is the gradual abandonment of ancient usages and customs. The institution of a “Singhalese Dramatic Club” in Colombo promises to infuse new life and vigour into native dramatic representations. On the 25th of October *Romeo and Juliet*, translated rhythmically into Singhalese, was performed under the patronage of his Excellency Sir Arthur Gordon and Lady Gordon before a crowded audience, European and native, in a temporary theatre, fitted with modern theatrical appliances. There were a few exceptions, such as the employment of native music, and some incongruities in costume, &c.; but altogether the performance was very creditable. Only selections from the original play were represented; and, at its close, a hymn or epilogue was sung referring to the play, the theatre, its patron and patroness, &c., with a chorus at the end of each verse in praise of “Queen Victoria.” As usual amongst Eastern audiences, the performance was witnessed in respectful silence, which is the native mode of expressing approbation. The Viceregal party was accommodated in a special box, erected directly in front of the stage, and the theatre was decorated for the occasion, within and without, with floral and evergreen wreaths and other decorations.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. John L. K. van Dort, Bambalapitiya, Colombo, Ceylon.

SHARK-FISHING IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA

TWO gentlemen at Barbadoes recently hired a schooner and went out for a couple of days' cruise, chiefly with a view to shark-catching. For this purpose they towed after them a dead horse to serve as bait. For a long time no shark made his appearance, but they caught a quantity of other fish. As is often the case in the tropics, many of these creatures were bedecked in all the colours of the rainbow, but offered very poor sport for the palate. There was one notable exception; a splendid barracouta, measuring nearly five feet in length and weighing sixty pounds. Meanwhile, hour after hour sped away, and yet the ropes with fifteen feet of plaited wire at the ends, and enormous hooks, which had been specially set out for the accommodation of the sharks, remained unmolested. The crew beguiled the time by relating stories. One of them told how in trying to harpoon a hooked shark he fell overboard and was assailed by the furious fish. In despair he threw his arms round the monster's body, and both were landed on the deck thus clasped together. Night came on, and in the morning the fishermen found that the devil-fish—a special plague to the Izaak Walton of the West Indies—had stripped the flesh from the shark-hooks. Suddenly, however, one of the negroes gave the signal that the pilot-fish—sure fore-runners of the shark—had made their appearance, and presently sharks themselves were seen. They seemed, however, not in the least hungry, and for a while regarded the baited hooks with the utmost nonchalance. At last, however, a shark took the bait. At first he seemed very quiet, but when brought to the surface he got his tail out of the water, and struck the wave with a blow that sounded like a pistol-shot. Then the harpoon was plunged into his



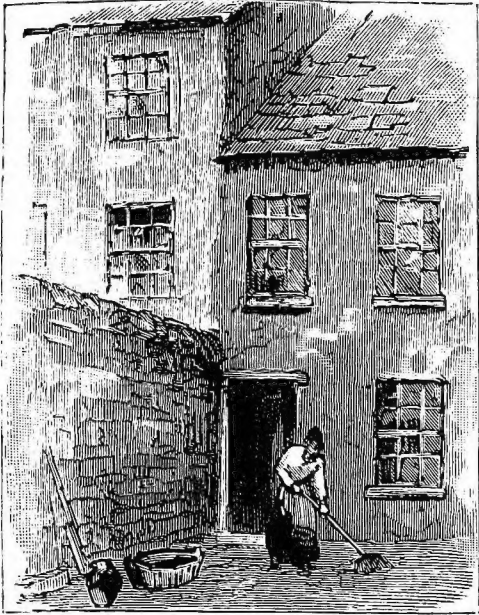
1. Lieut.-Col. Nicolaieff, commander of the Eastern Roumelian Forces since the Revolution—Drawn from Life
 2. Tepe Alty, the Ruins of the Town Wall built during the Roman Occupation
 3. A Zingane Mushroom Seller

4. The Old Quarter of the Town, built on Granite Rock
 5. Arrival of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria at Philippopolis
 6. Huts of Zinganes on the Outskirts of the Town

7. A Turkish Porter
 8. The Entrance to the Governor's Palace
 9. Street Leading to the Grand Bazaar
 10. A Water-Carrier

THE WAR BETWEEN SERBIA AND BULGARIA—NOTES IN PHILIPPOLIS, THE CAPITAL OF EASTERN ROUMELIA
 FROM SKETCHES BY OUR ARTIST WITH THE BULGARIAN FORCES

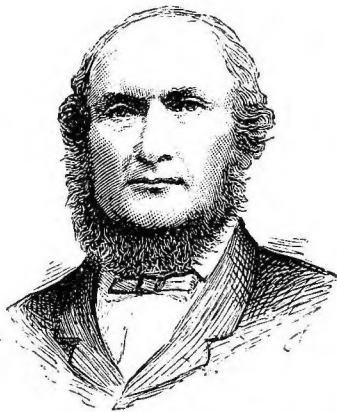
The Doorway where Mr Curtin was Shot



Mr Daniel Curtin

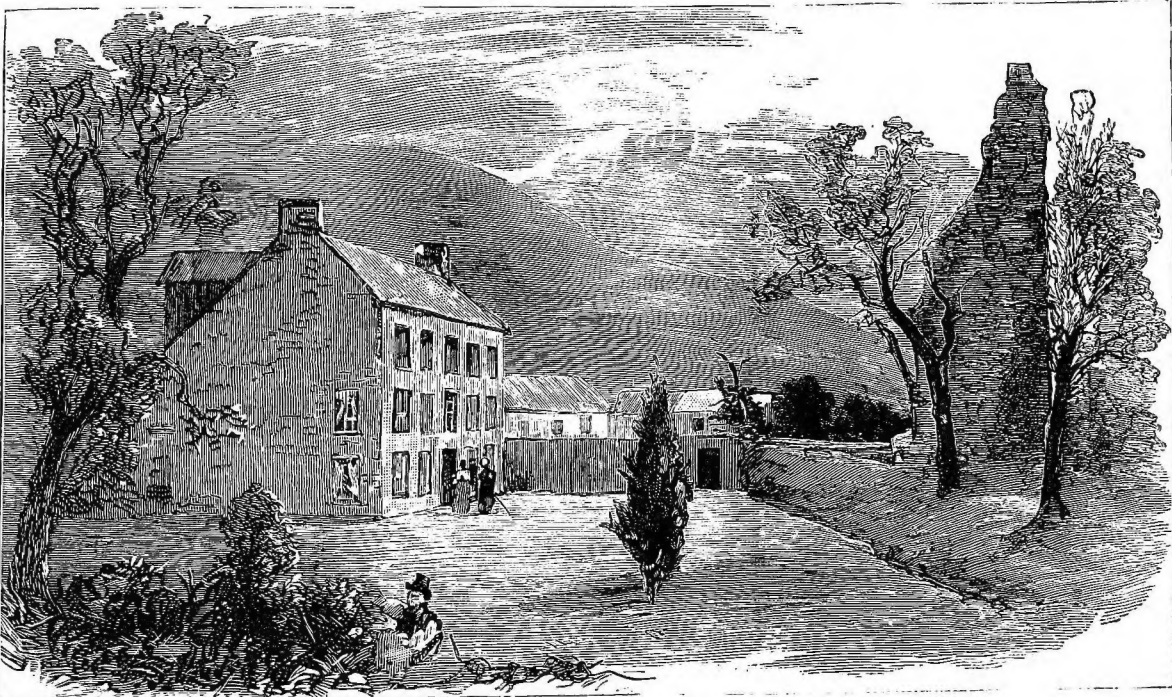


Miss Norah Curtin



The late Mr. John Curtin

Castle Farm, the Residence of the late Mr. Curtin



The Grave of the late Mr. John Curtin in Molahiffe Churchyard



THE MURDER OF MR. JOHN CURTIN BY "MOONLIGHTERS" AT CASTLE FARM, NEAR TRALEE, CO. KERRY, IRELAND

The late Viscount Ranelagh, K.C.B.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD RANELAGH AT FULHAM CHURCH

body, and the waves were dyed with blood—causing the pilot-fish, which till then displayed a remarkable and affectionate interest in their big friend—to scurry away in terror. In spite of his loss of blood, the shark struggled furiously after he was hauled on to the deck, and one of the men received a blow on the leg with the tail which took all the skin off the part struck, the shark's tail being as hard and as rough as a steel file. We have extracted the foregoing details from an interesting M.S. by the Rev. J. H. Sutton Moxley, Chaplain to the Forces, Barbadoes.—Our engraving is from a photograph taken by Mr. Cooper of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, who is an enthusiast in such matters. This fish was a fine specimen. Mr. Moxley says, "Its jaws when opened came down over my head and shoulders without touching my body, and I am far from being a narrow-shouldered man."

RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

See page 596.

BURMA—THE KING'S PAGODA, MANDALAY

THE chief feature of Mandalay is the Royal Palace. This building was conveyed piecemeal from the former Burmese capital a quarter of a century ago, when the present King's predecessor found the limits of Amarapura too limited for the residence of "the Descendant of the Sun." The palace lies in the very centre of the city. Immediately around the palace live the higher officials, and there also are situated the Mint, powder magazines, and public courts and offices. Outside these reside the lower officials and the soldiery, and in the final circle are the traders and the general population. Beside the Palace, however, there are few buildings of note save those devoted to religious purposes, and of these our illustration represents the King's Pagoda, one of the chief Pagodas of the city. A pagoda is a huge pile of masonry, of a somewhat pyramidal shape, embellished with statues of Gaudama. Many of these are built with stones of colossal dimensions placed one upon another without mortar or cement, but with such marvellous accuracy that their joints are scarcely visible. Frequently, also, the upper portion is covered over with copper and gilt, and in nearly all cases the Pagoda is decorated with the richest ornamentation. Around the actual pagoda, as a rule, are a number of subsidiary buildings for the priests, the whole being surrounded by a wall, entered by handsomely ornamented gateways.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Voigt.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY

THIS day, Saturday, November 28th, the magnificent new Museum and Art Gallery, just completed in Birmingham, were to be opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The building itself, which is in every way worthy of the treasures of Art it contains, has been erected from the designs and under the personal superintendence of Mr. Yeoville Thomason, of the Adelphi and of Birmingham. The style chosen by the architect is that which is entitled "classic," so that the building which adjoins the Council House (also designed by Mr. Thomason) resembles it in style, if not in detail.

By the side of the noble portico, through which entrance is gained to the galleries, a lofty clock-tower has been built, in which there has been placed a grand chime of beautiful-toned bells.

The galleries and museums are on the first floor, and the staircase which leads to them is decorated with English marbles. Entrance to the first gallery is obtained through a vestibule decorated with very fine bronzes and statues. This first gallery is circular, and is a noble room, nearly sixty feet in diameter. In the centre of this is a copy in marble of the Venus di Medici, and two cases of decorative objects lent by the Queen. The walls are almost entirely covered with a fine collection of pictures, including forty works by David Cox, and many well-known pictures.

The second gallery is devoted to the valuable collection of works of Italian Art belonging to the Corporation; these are chiefly of the Renaissance period. In this room are exhibited the jewelled enamels belonging to Mr. Gladstone and the collection of gems and other objects belonging to Mr. J. C. Robinson, the eminent connoisseur. The walls of this room are covered with carvings in stone and wood, full of the greatest interest. Here is a balcony by Sansovino, and two very fine caryatid figures by the same master. The "Industrial Hall" which lies beyond this is a superb gallery filled with collections of the most valuable and varied description. This Hall looks like one of the finest courts in the South Kensington Museum. This part of the Museum is particularly rich in objects of Eastern Art. The collections of Oriental ceramics, bronzes and metal work, carved ivories and lac are both extensive and very well selected. The contents of many of these cases of Eastern Art have lately been presented to the town by Mr. Feeney, who himself made the collections in India, China, and Japan. As Birmingham is greatly, indeed chiefly, interested in the manufacture of metals, glass jewellery, and arms, these branches of trade are very admirably represented in the Exhibition. The artisan may here see some of the finest specimens of the smith's and the glass maker's art. The numerous loans of the South Kensington Museum have been selected with this object chiefly in view. In one of the galleries of the Industrial Hall the extensive Arms Collection, belonging to the town, has been placed, and in the other a collection of admirable reproductions of antique plate, and several most interesting cases of various ceramics.

Beyond the Industrial Hall is the charming room devoted to the collection of Wedgwood, which is not only the most extensive ever made, but the most varied and rich. Never before has the great Staffordshire man been so worthily represented. There is matter for the study of days in that one room. A part of this valuable and unique collection of Wedgwood is the property of the town, it having been presented by Messrs. R. and G. Tangye, the makers of the entire collection.

Many visitors, particularly those who consider that "Art" is but a synonym for "Pictures"—and the class is not small—will find the last of the great galleries the most interesting of the whole series. Here is hung a superb and highly representative collection of the works of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. Here are to be seen eighty pictures by Mr. Watts, for not only has he most generously lent the collection of his works, which has only just returned from America, but he has augmented and supplemented it with many pictures from the collection at Little Holland House, several of which are now exhibited for the first time. His magnificent "Love and Death," and its companion "Love and Life," are both here, and the superb and truly historic picture "The Mid-day Rest." One wall of his beautiful Gallery is devoted to the works of Mr. Burne Jones, who is represented in Birmingham by a small but very striking collection of his works. This collection includes such well-known pictures as "The Hours," "Love in the Ruins," "Venus' Mirror," and "Le Chant d'Amour."

Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the Keeper of the Museum and Art Gallery, has carried out his arduous task with great success. Rarely is an exhibition on the opening day so complete and perfect in every detail. The work of ticketing the objects must alone have been a great undertaking, but both that and everything else appears to have been executed in a most thorough and efficient manner.—On some of his drawings our artist has been assisted by photographs taken by R. W. Thrupp, Birmingham.

RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

See page 591.

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS IN THE OLDEN TIME

See pp. 601 *et seqq.*

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 605.

THE CYCLONE IN ORISSA.—The sketches of this subject, published last week, and attributed to Mr. Ernest Taylor, were by Mr. Cecil Taylor, Executive Engineer at Kuttack, in charge of the districts where the disaster took place.

MINIATURE PAINTING.—With reference to our remarks last week on this subject, Mr. E. Moira, of 93, Hereford Road, Bayswater, W., desires us to state that he is still in the land of the living, and painting ivory miniatures the same as ever, and still exhibiting at the Royal Academy, as their catalogues for many years will show.



THE GENERAL ELECTION.—At the time of going to press, eighty-seven Conservatives have been returned against eighty-three Liberals almost wholly in borough constituencies, and the impression before the General Election that however things might go in the counties the Conservatives would gain in the boroughs has been amply confirmed. The election began on Monday with the return of four unopposed members, among them the veteran Free Trader Mr. Charles Villiers for South Wolverhampton, a new division of the borough which he had represented continuously for half a century, and Mr. Henry Richard, the champion of peace and Liberationist Nonconformity, for Merthyr Tydvil, which he has represented since 1868. On Tuesday the polling took place in some forty-five boroughs, with a population about a third of that of the United Kingdom, while the former members for the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Dublin, and Glasgow, and Aberdeen Universities were returned unopposed. Such of the results of Tuesday's contests as were published on Wednesday were encouraging to the Conservatives. Compared with the pollings of 1880, their majorities had increased, and those of their opponents had diminished. The Secretary for War, Mr. W. H. Smith, was returned for the Strand division of Westminster by a majority larger than the whole number of votes given to his Liberal opponent. In such typical boroughs as Blackburn and Warrington, Bath, Cheltenham, Cambridge, Colchester, Exeter, and Plymouth the Conservatives gained noticeable victories. The very narrow majority which so able and prominent a Liberal statesman as Sir Charles Dilke obtained in Chelsea over a comparatively unknown Conservative was a Liberal defeat. On the same day the Speaker triumphed at Warwick, and Mr. Trevelyan was returned unopposed for the Hawick Burghs. In Birmingham, which has now seven seats instead of three, the Liberals were everywhere victorious, but Lord Randolph Churchill in the Central division polled no fewer than 4,216 votes against the 4,989 of Mr. Bright himself. The only borough election in Liberal Scotland on Tuesday was that for Perth, when the successful Liberal candidate, Mr. Parker, found his majority of 1,541 in 1880, reduced to 553 in 1885. In Ireland on Tuesday the Nationalist strength was evinced by the walk-over of the clever son of a clever father, Mr. J. H. McCarthy, the author of *The Candidate*, at Newry, though it is an Ulster borough, and was represented in the last Parliament by a Conservative.—The pollings of Wednesday still further encouraged the Conservatives, and were disastrous to several able and popular members of the late Government. The metropolitan constituencies on the whole favoured the Conservatives, and Lord Randolph Churchill enters the House of Commons as one of the members for Paddington. Liverpool returned not a single Liberal member among its nine. Of the five members returned by formerly Radical Leeds three were Conservatives. The same record of Conservative gains was given generally by the pollings of Wednesday, except in Scotland, which so far has remained true to the Liberal cause, though in Edinburgh, in spite of the denunciations of Mr. Goschen by Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, he defeated a Radical opponent. Two members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet were rejected on Wednesday, and both of them by constituencies which they had long represented—Mr. Childers at Pontefract and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre at Reading. Other members of the late Government who lost their seats were Mr. J. K. Cross, ex-Under-Secretary of State for India, rejected by Bolton, another Lancashire borough, which, with Ashton-under-Lyne and Wigan, went over to the Conservatives on Wednesday, and Mr. John Holms also disappears from Hackney. Mr. George Russell, the parliamentary secretary to the Local Government Board in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, and a rising Liberal politician, failed in the new borough of Fulham. The chief victory of the Liberals on Wednesday was at York, where Sir Frederick Milner was defeated, but York went Liberal in 1880, and Sir F. Milner's return for it was at a bye election.

THE OPENING OF THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN was preluded by the publication of two documents intended to influence the Irish vote in England and that of Liberal Churchmen in Scotland. The Executive of the Irish National League of Great Britain issued, with Mr. Parnell's approval, an address to the Irish voters in England and Scotland, calling on them everywhere to vote against the Liberal candidate. In spite of this powerful aid to the Conservative cause Mr. Parnell received no encouragement from the local Conservatives in his candidature for the Exchange Division of Liverpool, from which he withdrew, still, however, recommending the Irish electors in Great Britain to vote against Liberal candidates with a few specified exceptions.

THE APPEAL TO THE LIBERAL CHURCHMEN OF SCOTLAND was made in a letter from Lord Salisbury to a prominent Edinburgh Conservative. In it the Premier warned the Scotch that to follow Mr. Gladstone's advice and not make Disestablishment a test question practically meant that Liberal electors who are for the Church should nevertheless vote for Liberal candidates who are against the Church, a course which might result in the return of a majority of Scotch members pledged to the Disestablishment of the Kirk.

PRESIDING AT A HOUSE DINNER of the St. Stephen's Club on Monday, Lord Salisbury twitted Mr. Gladstone with his ambiguous attitude towards the Church of Scotland, and dwelt on the disunion of the Liberal party and the disagreement of the members of the late Cabinet, not on trifles, but on questions of the utmost importance, closing with an expression of confident hope as to the result of the General Election. He was replied to on Tuesday, at Edinburgh, in a vehement speech by Mr. Gladstone, who ascribed Lord Salisbury's hopefulness to the Parnellite manifesto, and referring to the possibility of a Parliamentary alliance between the Conservatives and the Parnellites, declared that Mr. Parnell's attitude was the strongest possible argument for the Liberal cause.

MR. CLIFFORD LLOYD, so well known as an active Irish resident magistrate, and subsequently employed in Egypt, has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary of the Mauritius.

THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY having resolved to introduce an efficient system of supervision at the Royal Dockyards, a new office of Director of the Dockyards has been created, and has been offered to Professor Elgar, of the University of Glasgow.

THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW ARMOUR-CLAD *Camperdown*, a work of some difficulty, as it is the heaviest vessel ever launched at Portsmouth, was successfully accomplished there on Tuesday, the usual ceremony being performed by Mrs. W. H. Smith, as wife of a former First Lord of the Admiralty. The *Camperdown* belongs to the *Admiral* class, and, when completed, will be one of the largest and most formidable of our war-ships.

ANOTHER ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE, evidently agrarian, is reported from Ireland. Mr. Nathaniel Buckley, of Manchester, some time ago evicted from their farms several of his Irish tenants, among them John Tobin, who subsequently, however, accepted the post of caretaker of one of them. One morning recently he was at work in a field with his wife, who went away about noon. On returning she found in a lane the dead body of her husband, with the head heavily battered in. She asked two men in the vicinity, former tenants of the land, to come to her assistance, but they refused, and with two others have been arrested.

OUR OBITUARY chronicles the death, in her ninetieth year, of Lady Rolle, widow of the first and only Baron Rolle; in his seventy-seventh year of Sir William Rose, as Clerk of Parliaments the chief permanent official of the House of Peers, brother of the late Lord Strathnairn, and son of Sir George Rose, who was Clerk of Parliament and a well-known politician; suddenly, of Mr. Joseph Beaumont, Q.C., a well-known Chancery barrister, formerly Chief Justice of British Guiana; in his seventy-fifth year, of Mr. Frederick Stephenson, who was many years confidential assistant of George Stephenson, and who, at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway in 1830, drove one of the eight locomotives engaged; and in his seventy-first year, at Gothenburg, Sweden, of Mr. James J. Dickson, head of the great Swedish firm of James Dickson and Co., and of Dickson Brothers and Co., of Moorgate-street, City, for forty years successfully energetic in the development of the material resources of Sweden, and in promoting in every possible way the social progress and welfare of its people.



We should fill too much space were we adequately to praise Mr. Parkes's "Short Study in Gothic Architecture" (Winsor and Newton). Far the best of the "shilling handbooks on Art," its only fault is its brevity. Yet in 90 pages the author manages to set at rest the Pointed Arch question, showing its use by Byzantines who passed it on into Southern France; to say a good word for the monks (we had hoped that nowadays they did not need quite so much patronising); to point out how in the fifteenth century the Freemason Guilds supplanted the amateur architects; to contrast the reposeful effect of our very long cathedrals and churches with the "sense of insecurity and unrest" which he attributes to the great height of French and German interiors; and to descant on what he calls "misdirected efforts of decorative skill" in the painting and gilding of carved work and statues.

English boys are not likely to imitate Edgar Quinet's style; but of the chastened affection and manly tenderness which breathe through these "Lettres à sa Mère" (Hachette) the more English boys can assimilate the better. The letters, too, are interesting in themselves; Quinet's Spanish notes, especially, being the very reverse of commonplace. There is something new even about his bull-fight; and his ride from Grenada to Cordova over the Sierra was Quinetian. M. Kastner's notes are, perhaps, a little too helpful. He has prefaced this thirty-third volume of Hachette's "Advanced Readers" Modern Authors with a life of his author; and of all these useful little books we think none better suited to its purpose than Quinet's Letters.

Some time ago we noticed Axel Gustafson's "Foundation of Death." He now follows up that attack on alcohol with "Some Thoughts on Moderation" (Kegan Paul and Co.), which he thinks "a slippery path that leads to a precipice." "The harm that moderate drinking does gives no sign until it is done." Lord Napier of Magdala's statement, that in the army partial abstainers are practically free from crime, Mr. Gustafson would perhaps meet with the question: "Yes; but what security is there against the partial abstainer becoming a hard drinker?"

No. 4 of the "Diet-Rolls for Special Diseases" (Sampson Low and Co.) deals with corpulence, and contains facts and hints and menus and analyses enough to delight a Banting. Fresh butter is the worst thing for the obese; whey and skim cheese the best; but chemically porter and beer ought to be much better than milk.

In the whole bederoll of missionary enterprise there is no more distinguished name than that of the Apostle of the Bechuana's; and of "The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat" (Fisher Unwin) their son's book gives a full, if not always picturesque, record. To bring out the man as he was—genial no less than energetic, as brim-full of humour as of piety, many-sided, good at languages, at geology, at scientific agriculture, as well as at mission-organisation—one needs some reading between the lines. Of course there are many graphic passages; how could it be otherwise in such a history? Moffat's daughter Ann beset by lions as she was travelling with her maid and two waggon boys to visit her sister Mrs. Livingstone, is an episode that needs no adornment; nor does Moffat's escape from the fury of a wounded Mantatee, thanks to the good aim of a Griqua, whose bullet whizzed within an inch of the missionary's ear. Specially interesting is the early life, begun on Carronshore, continued at High Leigh in Cheshire, where Moffat was under-gardener, and where he met his wife's parents, the Smiths of Dukinfield. What he had heard at his mother's knee about the Moravians first turned his mind to missionary work; but there were many difficulties—no college would receive him, and his training was irregular. However, he went out early, so much so that, when it was proposed to send both him and Williams (of Erromanga) to the South Seas, Dr. Waugh said: "Thae twa lads are ower young to gang thegither." Just before he died Moffat met Cetewayo, who was then in London; it must have been a sadly strange interview, doubly sad to the far-seeing missionary on whom the giving up the Transvaal had come (as his son expresses it) like a death-blow. He loved the natives; yet he never was led away by their professions; "there is no sign of grace yet" was his dictum where others would have numbered converts by the dozen. How he shamed the Boer who, when asked might Hottentots come to prayers, said: "Go fetch the dogs or the baboons," we leave, with many other good things, for the reader to find out for himself.

Only Sanskrit scholars who also understand Maori can say whether Mr. E. Tregear has proved his case. He certainly deserves to do so. His "Aryan Maori" (Didsbury, Wellington) is the work of an enthusiast, but of an enthusiast who has carefully studied every side of his subject. Unless he "grow'd," the Maori must have come from somewhere; and we would much rather own him for a cousin than a good many others who have been linguistically hooked on to us. Mr. Tregear contends that the Maori

language and traditions prove him to be the descendant of a pastoral people, and that his language has preserved in great purity the speech of his Aryan forefathers. In support of this he gives lists of words and phrases, retranslating the latter in a way in which only experts can follow him. If, for instance, "war is a devouring fire" really means "war is the great cow-eater," and "harvest" ought to be rendered "wool-shearing," and "the chief Kahungnee" is "the cow-biter" (beef eater), and the taunt "boil your head," which has more than once set two tribes at war, should be translated "offspring of the pig and cow," and "kuri" is a collie dog, and the mysterious "mana" is the Sanskrit *manas* (mind, intelligence, magic), and "waka" (a boat) is *vacca* (Sanrak *vah*, to carry) "the water beastie," it must be admitted that much Aryan speech is imbedded in the modern Maori, even as the skins of the long extinct dogs are in the war cloaks. Mr. Tregear has Mr. Thomson ("The Whence of the Maori") with him; and his little book not only deserves the careful attention of ethnologists, but is very interesting to the general reader. From the big lizard legends, which he quotes from Mr. Colenso, he argues that the Maoris must once have lived among huge saurians or snakes, and that they must have migrated after the Aryan snake-hatred had softened down.

"Fables and Proverbs from the Sanskrit" (Routledge), the latest volume of "Morley's Universal Library," is a translation of the "Hitopadesa," made just a century ago by Charles Wilkins, who, following Sir W. Jones, credits its author, "Vishnu Serma, whom we ridiculously call Pilpay," with having originated those fables which are popular under the names of Æsop, Phædrus, &c. The process of modification has been so extensive that very little resemblance remains between these fables and their European analogues. Indeed, the value of the "Friendly Instructor" ("Hitopadesa") is mainly in the picture that it gives of early Hindoo civilisation, though of course (as with the Bible Proverbs) many of the proverbs are of universal application. The different way in which talking animals are introduced by Vishnu Serma and by Æsop respectively will strike the most casual reader.

The fourth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith and Elder), which ends with a notice of Dr. Biber, illustrates, quite as much as those already published, the advantages of Mr. Leslie Stephen's plan, and the excellence of his specialist fellow-workers. Division of labour will do anything, if only the right men get the right work. A glance at the list of writers shows that in this case they have done so. Our only complaint is that old favourites are occasionally cut short, while nobodies get long notices.

In selecting "Bible Readings from the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua" (Macmillan), the Rev. J. A. Cross wished to bring the Old Testament into more general use by "providing a simple reading book in the actual words of the Bible, leaving out the less interesting and intelligible matter;" and at the same time, by making the extracts consecutive, to give a good idea of the narrative. Years ago Mr. Matthew Arnold did something of the same kind for Isaiah; and Mr. Cross so far agrees with Mr. Arnold that he accepts many of the results of modern criticism.

Lieut.-Colonel Graham writes *con amore*, but his subject is quite worthy of the feeling which he displays. In its own line "The Life and Work of Syed Ahmed Khan, C.S.I." (Blackwood), is undoubtedly one of the most important books of the season. "The foremost Mohamedan in India since the death of Sir Salar Jung," though a man of old family, began as a clerk in a Delhi Government office. During the Mutiny he was subordinate Judge at Bijnore; and with great adroitness managed to save the English residents from the rebels under the Nawab Mahmud Khan, and to send them to Meerut. His name, however, is chiefly connected with Allyghur, the "Mohamedan Anglo-Oriental College" at which place was his pet work. It was opened in 1872, a year before his son, educated at Cambridge, came home after eating his terms at Lincoln's Inn. Syed Ahmed is sure that the chief cause of the Mutiny was the belief that we were going to meddle with religion, "a belief which could not have existed had there been a native on the Legislative Council." Our land laws, involving forced sales (unknown under the most tyrannical of the Moguls) and the break up of village communities, were also in fault. The book ought to be read by all Indian officials. The writer's position as Member of the Legislative Council gives weight to words of which those who know India best will be readiest to acknowledge the value. There must have been something wrong in the outcry against Lord Ripon when such a man is found thoroughly endorsing his policy; and there was also something wrong in a Member of the Madras Club going up to Sir C. Turner, who had walked in along with his great friend Syed Ahmed, and saying: "No natives are allowed here." Of special importance are Syed Ahmed's views on education. Women's education, he is sure, will mend itself when that of men is improved. Government inspectors, he thinks, should be multiplied; their fewness lays them open to be humbugged with cooked lists of pupils, nay, sometimes with altogether bogus schools. The travel-notes and letters from abroad are fresh and interesting.



THEATRES

The representations of *Tricouche et Cacolet* by M. Mayer's French company have served to impart a more farcical complexion to the programme of the ROYALTY. This most diverting piece—known to English audiences mostly from the version, called *Bibb and Tucker*, in which Mr. Toole with Mr. Lionel Brough were wont to entertain audiences at the Gaiety—is one of the cleverest and brightest of the numerous plays which bear the joint names of MM. Meilhac and Halévy. The notion of the two astute partners in the private detective business, who employ their talents in great degree in circumventing and outwitting each other, is productive in the authors' hands of infinite drollery. It has doubtless been better played; but it is still very well played, and roars of laughter requite the efforts of MM. Bahier and Schey in the leading characters, of Mlle. D'Orsay as Fanny, and M. Ricquier as the Baron. Throughout the whole five acts the bustling action is maintained with unflagging invention, and from first to last there is really no dull moment.

This evening the performances of *Excelsior*, at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, will be brought to a close, as will the representations of *Falka* at the AVENUE, where Messrs. Reece and Farnie's *Kenilworth* will be produced next month. This evening, also, *On 'Change* will be transferred to the STRAND Theatre, where it will be played for four weeks.

The appetite of American newspaper readers for details of the personal habits and private affairs of popular performers appears to be insatiable. A New York journal favours us with the information that Mrs. Langtry is very fond of oysters "on the half shell," and that she keeps a French cook; that Miss Dolore "runs a coloured cook and makes her own tea-biscuit"; Marie Prescott has a German cook; Rose Coghlan is fond of the white part of a chicken; Margaret Mather is a light feeder, and takes a glass of iced lemonade as a bracer for the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*; Bernhardt is a heavy eater, always taking a hearty dinner and a late supper; Janisch likes good eating of the German variety; and Clara Kellogg fairly doats on pork and beans.

Mr. Boucicault's almost-forgotten two-act drama entitled *Andy Blake* has been revived at the PRINCE'S Theatre as a *lever de rideau*. The part of Andy is played with much vivacity and cleverness by Miss Clara Jecks. The little piece is followed by that diverting comedy *The Great Pink Pearl*.

PICCADILLY HALL.—M. Verbeck, who is one of the most accomplished professors of the swift-fingered art we have ever had the pleasure of meeting, has recently made some changes in his programme. The first part of his programme consists of legerdemain only; the second of "mesmeric transmissions of thought," in which he exercises an extraordinary influence over his assistant, Mlle. Marguerite. M. Verbeck is excellent in "slow conjuring"—that is, in feats where some considerable time is requisite for the development of the trick, as where a wedding ring is found in the innermost of four sealed packets, or where a live rabbit, with two bracelets borrowed from the audience, is disinterred from the smallest of a nest of boxes. But it is as a sleight-of-handist that he really challenges competition. Eggs grow visibly bigger before the spectators' eyes; playing cards become photographs; a piece of sealing wax passes in a moment, and as if accidentally, through M. Verbeck's head. We may add that the interest of the proceedings is enhanced by the quaint manner of M. Verbeck's interpreter.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday next, November 30, a new first part will be produced, entitled *In Cupid's Court*, written by T. Malcolm Watson, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Mr. Corney Grain's popular musical sketch, *Election Notes*, will conclude the performance.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

JOHN BRIGHT was born seventy-four years ago, amid surrounding circumstances that had nothing in them of the promise of his established fame. His father was a cotton-spinner at Rochdale, and the son, having received a sound education in a middle-class school, was taken into his father's office. In process of time the firm became John Bright and Brothers, and the great statesman and Parliamentary orator has, amid the whirl of public affairs, uninterruptedly preserved his business connection. Much of his time out of the Parliamentary Session is spent at Rochdale, for Mr. Bright—to quote with literal application the words of the Shunamite woman he on an historic occasion used with striking effect—loves to "dwell among his own people."

His activity of mind and body were early shown in his undertaking in the year 1835 a tour to the Holy Land. At that time Mr. Cook was not, and the conveniences and subtle delights of being "personally conducted" were unknown to the British tourist. When Mr. Bright came back from these strange lands he had much to talk of, and in a series of lectures delivered in the Literary Institute at Rochdale he told the story of his travel to his townfolk. Three years earlier, when he had barely reached his majority, the bent of his mind was testified to by his taking an active part in the Reform agitation. It was in 1839 that he found his foot on the pathway that led him to imperishable renown. The Anti-Corn Law League had just been started, and young John Bright, then in his twenty-eighth year, full of life and health and strength, threw himself with great energy into the crusade. In this same year, 1839, he married his first wife, Miss Elizabeth Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Two years later his bride died. This happened at Leamington, and Mr. Bright has himself told how Cobden called on him to offer his condolence on the event, which Mr. Bright describes, in words reminiscent of Carlyle's epitaph on his wife, as "extinguishing the light and sunshine of his house." Mr. Cobden's sympathy took a business-like and practical turn. "There are thousands of homes in England at this moment," he said, "where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now, when the first paroxysm of your grief is passed, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed."

Mr. Bright accepted this invitation, and presently he and Mr. Cobden went forth hand-in-hand, literally never resting till the Corn Law was repealed. The history of that great undertaking is too long even to be glanced at here. But its principal incidents are well known, the more so since Mr. Bright, in the retrospective habit of mind which accompanies growing age, often in his public speeches refers to episodes in the fight. In 1843 he entered Parliament as representative for the city of Durham, where, in a manner that surprised the country, he had wrested a seat from a Protectionist supported by local and aristocratic influence. On the 28th of July, 1843, he for the first time walked up the floor of the House of Commons, not to take the Oath, but to make the declaration permitted by law to members of the Society of Friends. The first appearance in Parliament and the first speech of a man who subsequently becomes famous is always interesting. There is, we know, nothing more shocking to the well-regulated taste than those descriptions of the personal appearance and habits of members which are unfortunately received with such avidity by the public. Nevertheless one is glad to find that when, on the 7th of August, nine days after he had taken his seat, Mr. Bright made his maiden speech, there was some one present who made a note of how he looked, how he spoke, and even, with the assistance of a rare French word, how he dressed. "Mr. Bright," this contemporary writes, "is about the middle size, rather firmly and squarely built, with a fair, clear complexion, and an intelligent and pleasing expression of countenance. His voice is good, his enunciation distinct, and his delivery free from any unpleasant peculiarity or mannerism. He is young, and has apparently a long career before him. His dress is rather more *recherché* than that of the Friends of a generation back, differing but slightly from the ordinary costume of the day."

Though the public eye was already fixed upon Mr. Bright, his speech made on this hot August night was delivered in an almost empty House. As the division list showed, the Whips could bring in a total of only seventy-seven members to vote. The subject of the speech was Protection, and it is interesting to note that in the course of it Mr. Bright took occasion to "assure the right hon. gentleman, the President of the Board of Trade, that his flimsy excuses would not avail him at the bar of public opinion." The President of the Board of Trade at that time was Mr. Gladstone.

Since this speech was made, now more than forty years ago, Mr. Bright has gone steadily forward on a career the greatness and nobility of which cannot be denied even by those who take exception to his politics. He continued to sit for Durham till 1847, when he was returned for Manchester. In Parliament and out of doors he worked incessantly for the fulfilment of the bond he had taken jointly with Mr. Cobden, and in 1845 he had the satisfaction of hearing Sir Robert Peel move the abolition of the Corn Laws. In 1857 he lost his seat for Manchester, suffering for the unpopularity of his opinions on the Crimean War, and more immediately for his opposition to Lord Palmerston's spirited foreign policy in China. The same year he was elected member for Birmingham, a town he has continued uninterruptedly to represent.

In 1868 Mr. Bright accepted office under Mr. Gladstone as President of the Board of Trade, but, owing to what appeared a permanent breakdown of his health, was two years later compelled to resign. In 1873, coming back in better, but still shattered, health, he joined the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, an office he again accepted when Mr. Gladstone returned to power in 1880. In 1882 he resigned his office owing to a difference of opinion with his colleagues on War Policy in Egypt. As a Minister Mr. Bright has not achieved distinction. It is as a law breaker, rather than a law maker, that he will be known to fame.

None more than he, with an eloquence unsurpassed in its joint attributes of strength and simplicity, laboured to break down the Corn Law or to overcome the barriers which have, in lessening degree since 1832, obstructed the fuller representation of the people in Parliament.

HENRY W. LUCY



A SHORT-HAND "HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA" is to be one of the curiosities at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition.

THE HANSON CAB is gradually increasing in favour across the Atlantic, and is now to be introduced in Boston. About two hundred and fifty hansoms are already running in New York, Baltimore, Washington, and Chicago.

A POET'S FUNERAL is rather a costly affair in France. The expenses of Victor Hugo's funeral have just been finally settled, and amount to 4,060*l.* The Chamber voted 800*l.* for the ceremonies, so friends and the public will have to make up the deficit of 3,260*l.*

A TIGER FROM TURKESTAN is now on its way to England, one of the acquisitions made by the naturalist attached to the Afghan Boundary Commission, who brings home a valuable collection. Should the tiger arrive safely, it will be the first living animal from this district ever seen in England.

A CURIOUS EXHIBITION OF PAINTED SCULPTURES, both ancient and modern, is now open at the Berlin National Gallery. There are some three hundred specimens of Greek, Roman, Chinese, Japanese, and German art, painted in a variety of styles from soft neutral tints to the full colouring of modern canvases.

THE PARCELS POST will be extended on December 1st to the Cape, Griqualand West, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, while parcels may also be despatched at the sender's own risk to Basutoland, Kaffirland, and other adjacent territories, except Natal. The system will soon be extended to Natal, as well as to Ceylon and Labuan.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF NAVIGATION on the Rhine is again being energetically discussed in Germany, where commercial circles are most anxious that the stream should be made accessible for large vessels as far as Cologne. The Prussian Government is accordingly being urged afresh to arrange with Holland to deepen the river by about thirteen feet.

THE RUMOUR OF THE MASSACRE of the Sydney Geographical Society's Expedition to New Guinea happily proves to be false, for the members have safely reached Cooktown. Meanwhile the Dutch Geographical Society are planning a scientific expedition in their portion of the island, but the Dutch Chamber refuses to help towards the expense, lest any political colonial difficulties should arise.

THE OLIVE HARVEST in the SOUTH OF FRANCE, just completed, is exceptionally good this year. During the last few weeks the olive groves have been crowded with women busily picking—*oliveuses*, as they are called—some scaling the trees, others shaking the branches and pulling down the fruit with long sticks. Altogether olive cultivation in this district brings in some 1,200,000*l.* in an ordinary year, and the trees require little attention, cold being their greatest danger.

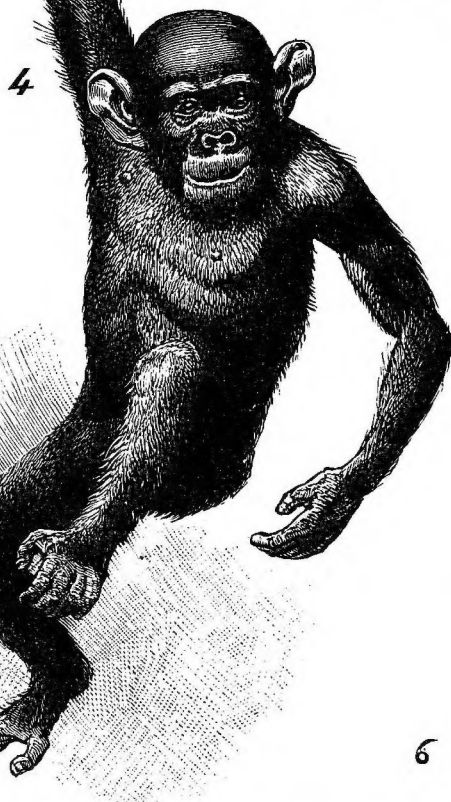
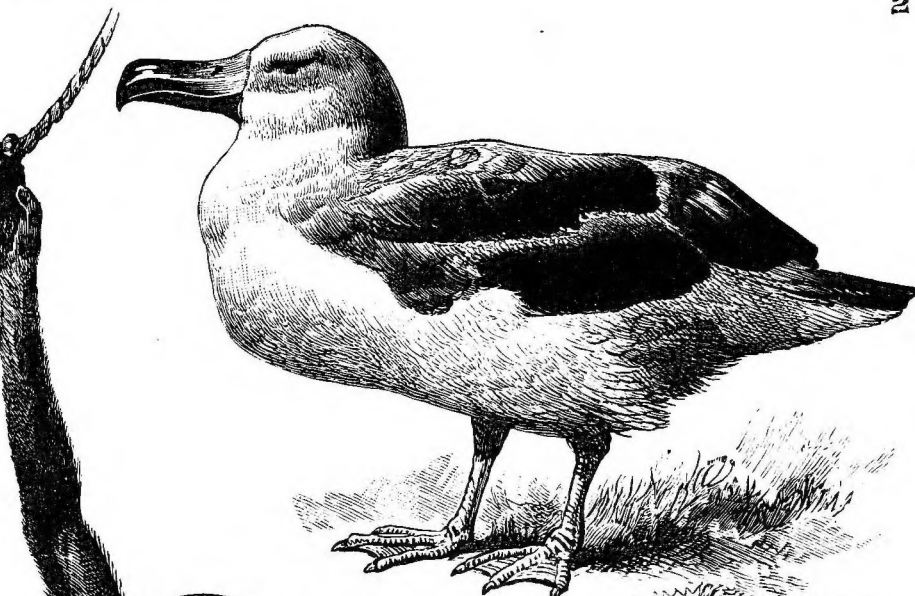
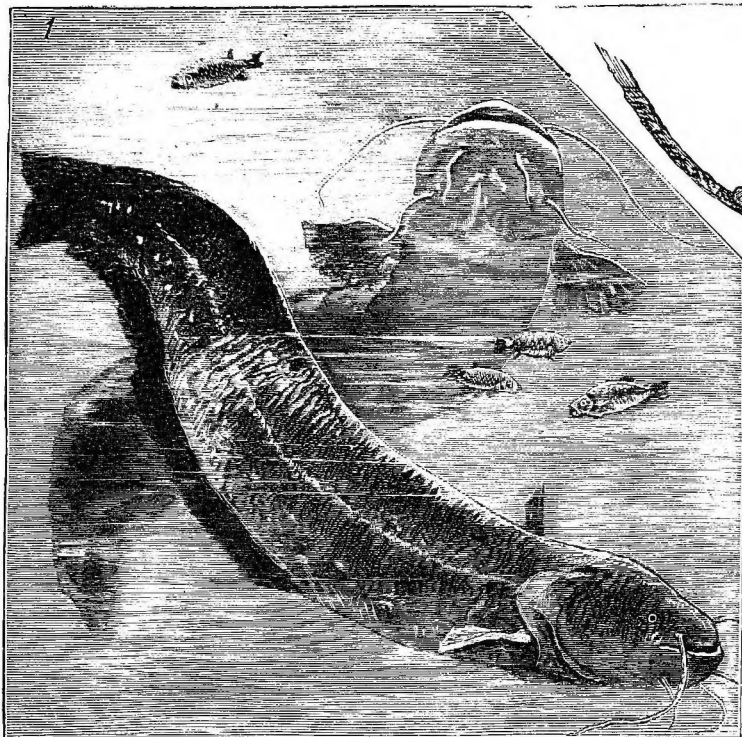
THE DIRECTION OF THE ATLANTIC CURRENTS is being systematically studied by the Prince of Monaco, whose recent experiments are proving very interesting. Last July he sunk a large number of ingeniously-arranged bottles, globes, and barrels at different points north of the Azores, each floating vessel containing a paper in different languages, stating the time and place of immersion, and begging the finder to note down the hour and place of discovery, and forward it to the nearest French consul. Now three of these bottles have been found in the Eastern Azores, having followed a south-easterly direction, instead of going to the north-west, as expected.

THE ANGLO-BURMESE WAR lends special interest to a list of foreign residents in Mandalay, given by the *Calcutta Englishman*. Besides two Americans, there are over eighty Europeans in the city, consisting of four English, seven Greeks, two Germans, eight Eurasians, fifteen Armenians, eighteen Italians, and twenty-eight French, including the priests and seven nuns belonging to the Roman Catholic Mission, which is greatly respected by the Burmese Queen. Further, there are twenty-five Chinese traders, and a local population of 7,000 Celestials, twelve Mogul traders (attracted by the ruby mines), Jews, Indian native merchants, and a number of Suratis.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has been invited to turn her talents to lucrative advertising purposes by an enterprising Yankee. He wants Madame Nilsson to undertake a tour in Western America to sing portions of *Faust* in costume, particularly the ballad of the "King of Thule," where, instead of the traditional spinning-wheel, she shall be working a particular make of sewing-machine, bearing the name of the manufacturer outlined by incandescent lamps. Madame Nilsson would receive an additional 200*l.* to her salary every time she used the machine in public, at least, so says the *Paris Figaro*.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL is believed to have been discovered at Turin, where an amateur found the treasure serving as a small board to support a contemporary miniature painting. Like the famous portrait in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, this work appears to have been painted by Raphael himself. It is a small water-colour drawing on a walnut-wood tablet, some three inches square, and shows the profile of a youth about fifteen. On one side is a façade of a palace bearing the letters U.R.B. (Urbino), and the date 1497; higher up stands a temple resembling that in Raphael's *Marriage of the Virgin* in the Milan Gallery, while in the background are the letters Io Raph Sa, exactly resembling the artist's genuine handwriting. In 1497, Raphael was studying at Perugia, in the school of Vannucci, best known as Perugino.

LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, and 1,557 deaths were registered, against 1,531 during the previous seven days, a rise of 26, but being 175 below the average, and at the rate of 19.9 per 1,000. These deaths included 1 from small-pox, 44 from measles (a decline of 7), 11 from scarlet fever (a fall of 8), 20 from diphtheria (a decrease of 6), 42 from whooping-cough (a rise of 3), 24 from enteric fever (an increase of 12, but 4 below the average), 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 3), 1 from cholera, and not one from typhus. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 454, an increase of 36, and exceeded the average by 12. Different forms of violence caused 44 deaths, 39 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 8 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,682 births registered, against 2,534 the previous week, being 91 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 38.3 deg., and 3.4 deg. below the average. Rain fell on two days of the week, to the aggregate amount of 0.02 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 23.2 hours, against 21.8 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

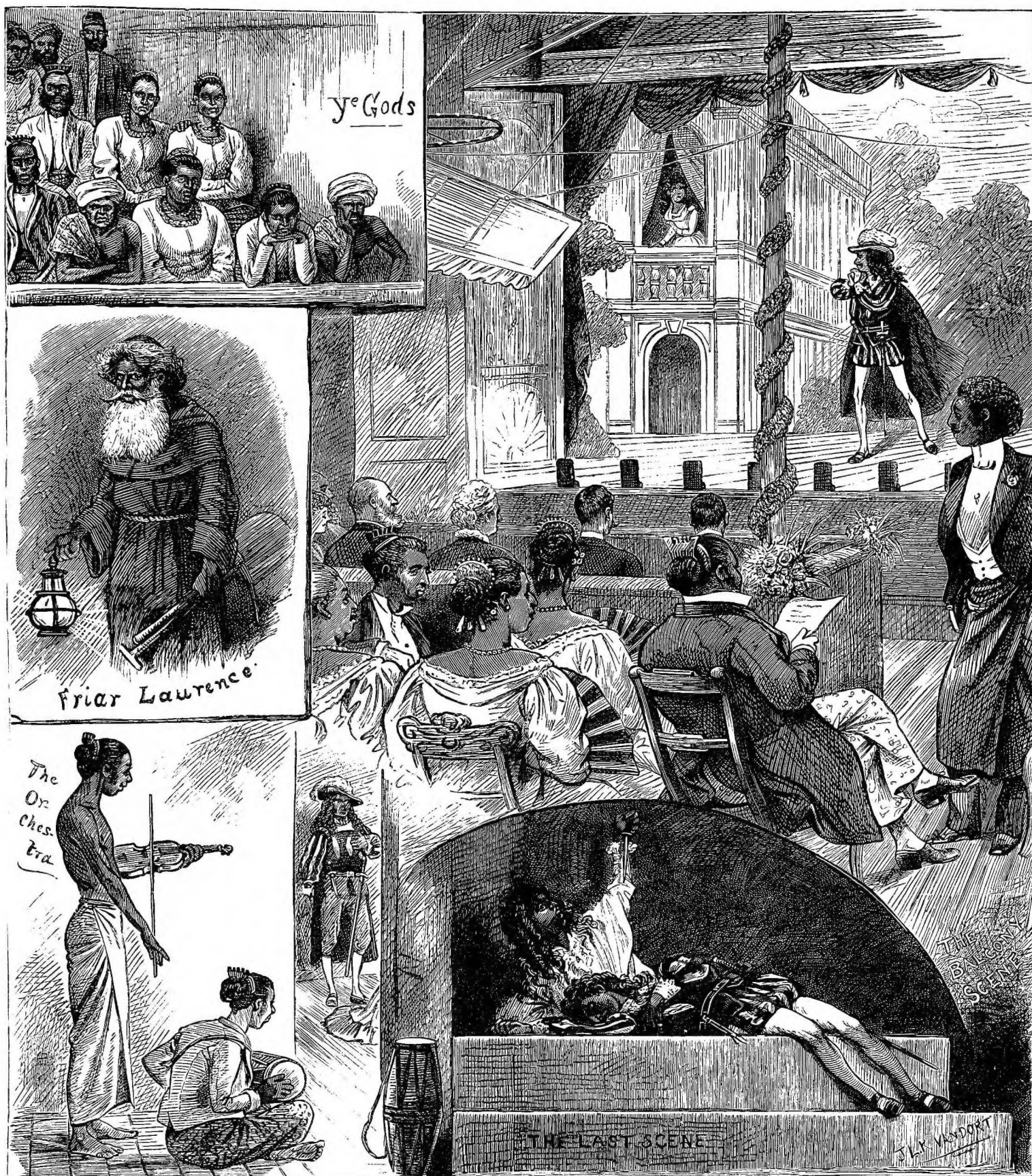


1. Sly Silurus (*Silurus Glanis*) brought from the Danube, and presented by the Marquis of Bath

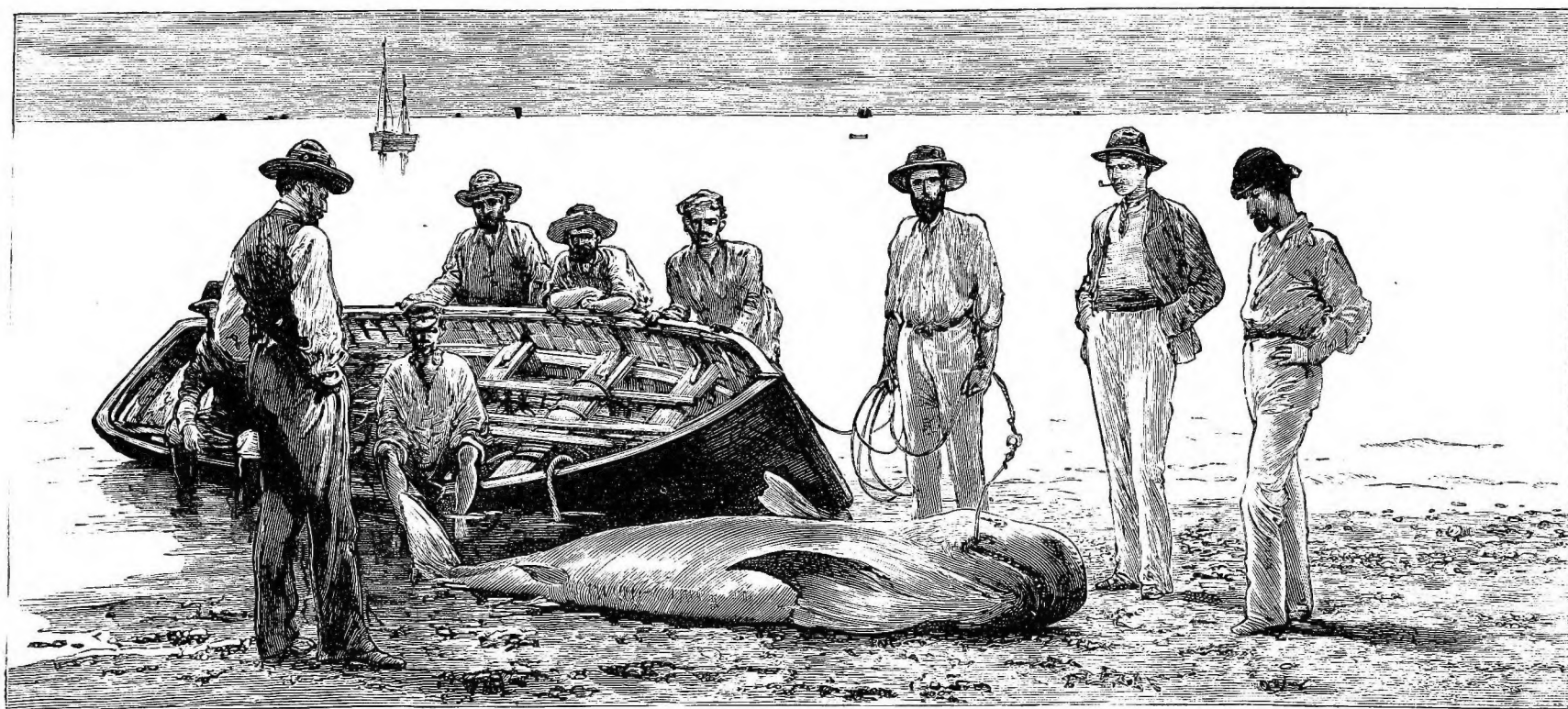
2. Black Eyebrowed Albatross from the Cape
3. Pleasant Antelope from West Africa
4. Female Black-faced Chimpanzee

5. American Moose, presented by the Marquis of Lorne
6. Wild Sheep of Barbary

SOME RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



"ROMEO AND JULIET" AS PERFORMED BY SINGHALESE IN COLOMBO, CEYLON



SHARK-FISHING IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA—ONE OF THE VICTIMS



THE situation in the Balkans has undergone a complete change. The Servians have been beaten all along the line, and their forces driven over the frontier, Prince Alexander has his head-quarters in the very town where, but ten days ago, King Milan victoriously established himself, while it is now the latter who begs an armistice and asks for the intervention of Europe. To resume our chronicle of events the tide of victory turned in favour of the Bulgarians on the 16th, when the Servians were repulsed in an attack upon Slivnitsa. Prince Alexander lost no time in following up this advantage, and several sharp engagements ensued on the following days, until on Sunday, after a sanguinary battle, the Bulgarians succeeded in driving the Servians from all the heights above the Dragoman Pass. The Servians then retreated to their own frontier, closely pursued by the Bulgarians, and on Monday, after some more sharp fighting, in which several guns and four standards were taken, Prince Alexander occupied Zaribrod, and established his head-quarters there. More fighting took place next day, and the Servians were forced across the frontier, where the Bulgarian outposts were at once established. In the north, however, General Leschanin has held his position before Widdin, and has bombarded the fortress. Prince Alexander is said to have displayed considerable military and tactical skill; he took advantage of every blunder of the enemy, and himself led his troops, who have shown great bravery, breaking the Servian ranks with desperate bayonet charges. King Milan appears to have been present at the beginning of Monday's action, but to have speedily retired upon Pirot. His failure is mainly attributed to the absolute breakdown of the commissariat, and to the imprudent generalship of Jovanovitch and Meskovitch in dispersing their forces over so large a district. The former was removed from his command after the first defeat, and is said to have shot himself. The greatest possible exasperation exists in Servia against the generals and the King, who is bitterly reproached with having delayed his military operations too long.

PRINCE ALEXANDER'S successes have caused a considerable revulsion of feeling in his favour throughout Europe. This revulsion, however, began before the victories of the Dragoman Pass, as, when the Servians were before Slivnitsa, he had telegraphed to the Porte offering unconditional submission, stating that he had withdrawn his troops from Eastern Roumelia, and begging the Sultan to come to his assistance. The Porte at once accepted the submission in the most amicable spirit, and a general feeling prevailed that Turkey would now be able to carry out the resolution of the Conference without difficulty. A telegram was despatched to Prince Alexander assuring him that the Sultan would not allow a single point of the frontier to be changed in consequence of the war, and suggesting that an armistice should be proposed to Servia, and that an Imperial Commissioner should at once be despatched to take over the administration of Eastern Roumelia. By this time, however, the situation had materially altered, and Prince Alexander replied in a much more independent tone, declaring that "his duty to those who had fallen on the battle field and his military honour obliged him neither to propose nor to accept any armistice before the Servians had completely evacuated Bulgaria, nor to accept any conclusion of peace until he himself should be in Servian territory." He also advised the Porte to postpone the despatch of a Turkish Commission to Philippopolis until peace was restored; as otherwise disturbances might be renewed in Eastern Roumelia. Indeed, the Eastern Roumelians have been greatly excited by the Bulgarian successes, and the enthusiasm for union with Bulgaria is bursting forth afresh. The six great Powers, however, have backed up the Porte in the demand for an armistice, and at their request King Milan on Wednesday sent a flag of truce to the Bulgarians with peace proposals. Prince Alexander, however, declined on the plea that Bulgaria had received no representation on the subject from the Powers.

The political situation has thus been seriously transformed, and the Powers will hardly be able to insist on an absolute restoration of the *status quo* in the face of the altered circumstances. In fact, Russia is already greatly changing her tone towards Prince Alexander, whose bravery is the subject of universal laudation. A sharp condemnatory note has been sent to Servia, while the *Moscow Gazette* has turned round, and now deprecates the policy of Germany and Austria, who look after their own interests, totally regardless of those of Russia, and warmly maintains "the perfect right of the Bulgarian people to effect their political union, if they wish it!" Russia, indeed, is now taking the initiative in bringing about a suspension of hostilities. The defeat of the Servians has greatly pleased the powers that be at St. Petersburg, but there is manifest alarm lest King Milan should abdicate, and Austria decide to occupy Servia. In Austria official circles are proportionately concerned at King Milan's reverses, but the popular feeling is wholly with the Bulgarians, and some Bulgarian students on their way to the front have received a perfect ovation at Vienna. In Germany much sympathy has been expressed with Prince Alexander, who is still regarded as a Prussian officer, and the accounts of his skill and gallantry have been commented upon with considerable satisfaction. At Constantinople the Conference has been holding its final sittings, and, to judge by all accounts, the relations between England and Russia on the question have become far more friendly. Considerable anxiety is felt at the attitude of Greece. The Porte has despatched a peremptory Note to Athens, remonstrating against the extensive armaments, and is preparing for eventualities by sending ships of war to Salonica and by massing 40,000 men, under Mushir Eyyoub Pasha, on the Greek frontier.

SPAIN.—King Alfonso XII. had long been in a bad state of health, suffering from consumption, and for the last few weeks from severe dysentery. Throughout Tuesday great anxiety was felt in Madrid, as, for the first time, his condition was made known to be hopeless; and on Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, he died. Señor Canovas and his Cabinet at once resigned, and Señor Sagasta undertook to form a Ministry. The King's physician had long urged him to take a holiday in some more genial clime; but he considered it his duty to remain in Madrid, in consequence of the political situation, and thereby undoubtedly sacrificed his life. As the King has no son, he is succeeded by the Infanta Mercedes, who is only five years old, with the Queen as Regent. King Alfonso was not quite twenty-eight years of age, and had reigned barely eleven years, having ascended the Throne on December 30th, 1874, when he was proclaimed by General Martinez Campos, who had just vanquished the Federalists at Cartagena.

From FRANCE there is little stirring, save in Parliamentary circles, which have been startled by the Chamber unseating the Members for Tarn and Garonne, on the plea that undue clerical influence was used. Considering that they had a majority of 3,500, the Chamber is considered to have committed an act of absurdity. The Conservatives have declined to retaliate, and have announced that they will be party to no act of invalidation. The Senate has ratified the commercial treaty with King Theebaw without debate, but there has been a brisk discussion in the Chamber regarding the Tonquin and Madagascar votes of credit. The forces in

Tonquin now amount to, on land, 27,000 troops and 7,000 native soldiers, at sea 75 ships and 9,000 men. These are to be considerably reduced next year, the vessels being ordered to service on the Madagascar coast. A large portion of the Deputies, however, are greatly opposed to the retention of Tonquin, and there was a brisk debate on Tuesday, when M. Brisson urged that French honour and prestige were at stake, and held out hopes that the occupation would eventually cost France nothing. As the Right and the Radicals will both vote for evacuation, the Government will probably find itself in a minority, and resign. In this case M. Clémenceau will probably have to take office. In Paris M. de Lesseps has been celebrating his eightieth birthday, and scientific circles have been fitting Colonel de Brazza, who has returned from the Congo.—M. Coppée has produced a five-act play in verse at the Odéon, entitled *Les Jacobites*. The plot deals with the rising of the Young Pretender in the Highlands, and is essentially Gallic in its details—a beggar-girl, Mary, being the heroine, and saving Charles Edward at the expense of her good fame.

In GERMANY the Reichstag was duly opened last week, the Emperor's speech being eminently pacific, and stating that the Emperor "cherished the confident hope that the struggles of the Balkan States amongst one another will not disturb the peace of the European Powers." In Darmstadt Prince Alexander's successes have excited great enthusiasm, and large quantities of ambulance supplies are being sent out to Bulgaria through the exertions of the Grand Duke and the Prince's father. The dispute with Spain has been duly adjudicated upon by the Pope, and is now in a fair way of settlement. The result, however, will not be made public until the whole matter is concluded. Considerable interest has been aroused by the annual report on the application of the Socialist law, in which the Government admits that the movement is being in no way repressed, but that it is spreading—this result being partly due to the revolutionary fuel supplied by the Anarchists of other countries.

Our forces in BURMA are advancing upon Mandalay with as much despatch as possible. On the 18th, a little above Minhla, two Italians, named Comotto and Molinari, were captured. Though they denied having taken part in the hostilities their papers did not bear out their statements, and had it not been for the rapidity with which General Prendergast moved upon Minhla they would have succeeded in blocking the river. Indeed it was with this belief that the *Doowoon* was allowed to leave Mandalay. On the 20th Membo was reached, and two days later the squadron, consisting of twenty-one steamers, arrived at Venang-young, some eighty miles from the frontier, no opposition having been encountered, the Burmese villagers appearing to view the advance with indifference. On Monday, Dalaj, a further distance of twenty-five miles, and 155 miles distant from Mandalay, was reached. The more detailed account of the attack on Minhla, given in a special telegram to the *Standard*, shows the fighting to have been very severe, the jungle being dense, and affording good cover to the Burmese. Minhla was set on fire by the shells of the river steamers, and was eventually burnt. The armed launch *Kathleen* narrowly escaped destruction by the explosion of a submarine mine. Minhla is now strongly entrenched, defended by heavy guns, and garrisoned by a naval brigade. In view of the administration of Burma after the campaign, the Indian Government have appointed four Deputy and four Assistant Commissioners, and have arranged for the necessary plant for the construction of railways throughout the provinces. By last accounts from Mandalay, King Theebaw had ordered a levy of 25,000 men, and had promised to lead them in person against the British.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from DENMARK that M. Hörup, vice-President of the Folkething, and editor of the journal *Politiken*, has been imprisoned for six months for publishing an article insulting the King.—ICELAND is aiming at self-Government, and the Althing recently passed a resolution aiming directly at this object. Consequently the King of Denmark has dissolved the disloyal assembly, and ordered new elections.—In AFGHANISTAN the Boundary Commission is hard at work. The Russian telegraph system is now extended to Penjdeh.—In CANADA there were a number of meetings of the French Canadians on Monday to protest against Riel's execution, and resolutions were passed censuring the Government, and Sir John Macdonald in particular. The Roman Catholic clergy, both French and Irish, condemn the movement, and stigmatise the action of the French Canadians as folly, which must end in disaster for themselves.—There has been a disastrous cyclone in the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—In AUSTRALIA the New South Wales Parliament has been opened, the Governor in his speech stating that in consequence of the drought and the depression of trade the revenue estimates had not been realised. There would, however, be no increase of taxation.



THE Queen goes to Osborne about the middle of December to spend Christmas. Meanwhile her Majesty has been entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Windsor, the Royal guests arriving on Saturday evening from a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell. On Sunday the Queen and the Royal family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and later the Prince of Wales and his sons went to the Evening Service at St. George's Chapel, while Lady Emily Kingscote, the Dean of Windsor, and Colonel Ellis dined with Her Majesty. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince George left the Castle on Monday morning for town, being accompanied to London for the day by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg, while Prince Albert Victor rejoined his regiment at Aldershot. In the afternoon the Queen received the new German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt, who presented his credentials, and gave audiences to Lords Salisbury and Carnarvon and Sir E. Malet. Subsequently Prince Christian, the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, and Sir E. Malet joined the Royal party at dinner. Princess Louise lunched with Her Majesty on Tuesday. On Wednesday the Queen with the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice drove to Cumberland Lodge to visit the Princess Christian, who has been ill in bed for the last three weeks with a severe chill.

On leaving Windsor on Monday the Prince and Princess of Wales spent a few hours in town, and afterwards the Prince and Princess George left on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Villebois at Marham, Norfolk, while the Princess rejoined her daughters at Sandringham. The Prince would leave Marham for town on Thursday, and yesterday (Friday) was expected at Birmingham, where after opening the new Hospital at Gravely Hill, he would stay with the Hon. Mr. Calthorpe at Perry Hall. To-day (Saturday) he inspects the Cattle Show, and opens the new Corporation Art Building, leaving afterwards for town on his way to Sandringham. Next week the Prince and Princess again entertain guests at Sandringham for the Princess's birthday, the usual tenants' ball taking place on Friday. Princess Maud, youngest child of the Prince and Princess, kept her sixteenth birthday on Thursday.



THE GENERAL COMMITTEE of the National Club has memorialised the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's against the introduction into the Cathedral of any sculptural image of the Crucifixion, Mr. Beresford Hope having intimated at the Portsmouth Church Congress that some step of the kind was in contemplation.

THE MISSIONARY BISHOPRIC OF BLOEMFONTEIN, Orange Free State, South Africa, has been offered to, and accepted by, the Rev. G. Knight-Bruce, who since 1883 has been in charge of St. Andrew's, Bethnal Green.

BISHOP TITCOMB, coadjutor of the Bishop of London, for the Anglican Chaplaincies in Northern and Central Europe, consecrated on Sunday the new English Church at Berlin, the subscription for the erection of which was begun two years ago, in commemoration of the silver wedding of the Imperial Princess of Germany. The church will seat three hundred persons. The present windows are provisional, and will be replaced by others of stained-glass, the gift of the Royal Family of England in memory of the late Prince Consort, of the Emperor of Germany, of the Imperial Princess, in memory of the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Alice, and the Duke of Albany, while the great western window, to cost 500/., will be presented by the Duke of Bedford, in memory of his relative, the late Lord Amphil, British Ambassador at Berlin.

CANON LIDDON and MR. SPURGEON are both ordered away on sick leave.



THE POPE'S REGULATIONS FOR CHURCH MUSIC.—The new rules issued last Sunday by Leo XIII., by the advice of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, for Church music in Italy, are likely to attract attention even outside the Roman Catholic communion. The tendency of the new rules is to discountenance music unfitted for worship. Thus, theatrical or profane themes are strictly forbidden; the strains must be "grave and pious," with modest instrumentation, of moderate length, and performed in reverent manner. Dance music, national or popular songs, love and comic songs, drums, cymbals, and other noisy instruments are all forbidden in church, and voluntaries may only be improvised when in accord with the rules of Art, and so as not to distract the faithful in the house of prayer. A "Commission of St. Cecilia" is to be formed to supervise the music, but organists are to be encouraged to compose, and to form libraries, while schools to train up good singers, organists, and choirmasters are to be founded. In short, with the exception of the portions which deal with purely doctrinal questions, there is hardly one of the twenty-three new rules which might not beneficially be observed in the Reformed Churches.

LONDON SELECT CHOIR.—This choir, formed out of picked members of the old Willing Choir, gave their first concert on Tuesday evening, under their new conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins. The programme, supported by Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Beare, Messrs. Lloyd and King, included Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and M. Gounod's *St. Cecilia* Mass, one of the earliest and most beautiful of the French master's sacred writings. On M. Gounod's visit to England twelve years ago, he found his *Messe Solennelle* cut up into organ pieces and adapted for Protestant churches. He therefore wrote an organ accompaniment and composed a second "Offertory," in the hope of recovering his lost copyright. The Mass was, however, on Tuesday performed almost as it was originally written, and the audience were therefore able to appreciate the French master's sacred style at his earliest and his best. There is no need now to criticise the Mass, which some years ago was performed under M. Gounod, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Hullah, and other conductors. On Tuesday two numbers—the "Gloria" and the "Credo"—created a genuine impression. This result was attained, not so much by the orchestra, which hardly seemed to appreciate the delicacies of M. Gounod's Church style of thirty-five years ago, as by the soloists, and particularly by the choir. The choristers are, as new-comers, particularly to be congratulated upon the attainment of a degree of excellence which must have involved much zeal and patient labour.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Sacred Harmonic, one of the oldest of our Metropolitan Choral Associations, now appeals to public judgment under new and improved conditions. For some time past since the death of Sir Michael Costa, the Sacred Harmonic rehearsals have been held by Mr. W. H. Cummings, while the performances have been conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé. This eccentric arrangement failed, as it deserved to fail, and after last season the Council wisely resolved to entrust the whole musical direction to Mr. Cummings. The first concert was held on Friday, and the advantages of the change were at once made manifest: although, when choir and conductor become more accustomed to each other, doubtless further improvement will be shown. On this occasion Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, which Costa had always refused to add to the Sacred Harmonic repertory, was performed for the first time by this choir, under Mr. Cummings, who curiously enough sang the tenor part at the production of the oratorio at the Birmingham Festival of 1867. The second novelty, M. Saint-Saëns' *Psalm AXX*, was not so wisely chosen. The Handelian form as seen through French eyes always partakes of incongruity, and it is not until the seventh number is reached, that is to say a melodious quintet and chorus, followed by a fugal sextet, that the music becomes interesting. The *Psalm* was written twenty-five years ago for the Madeleine Church, and this will explain the presence of a quartet for four baritone, a feature somewhat unusual in concert rooms. The work was received coldly. Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* closed the programme.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Although the present is usually considered the "off" season, upwards of twenty concerts have been given during the week, some of them being of considerable interest.—Mr. Boosey's usual season of Ballad Concerts began on Wednesday evening. Maude Valérie White supplied a spirited setting of Burns' "Bonnie Lesley," charmingly sung by Miss Mary Davies. Stephen Adams' "Soldier's Goodbye," sung by Mr. Maybrick, is not one of the composer's happiest efforts. "Alice, Where Art Thou?" and Blumenthal's "Sans Adieu" were most effectively sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd, while among other of the more attractive features of the programme were the Gavotte from *Mignon*, by Madame Trebelli, "Shon Maclean," by Signor Foli, "St. Michael's Tower," by Mr. Venables' choir, and a piece of Henselt's, played with that delicacy of touch which distinguishes M. Pachmann. Miss Eleanor Rees, a new-comer at these concerts, has a very sweet, fresh voice, and ought to make her mark.—At the second Brinsmead Concert there was a poor programme. The wisdom of per-

mitting Miss Agnes Zimmermann, one of the coldest of pianists, to play Rubinstein's Concerto in G, which is a not particularly acceptable specimen of the modern romantic school, was not altogether apparent.—At the Crystal Palace Mr. Oscar Beringer took part in Beethoven's choral *Fantasia*, and the overture to Handel's *Arriadne* was played, including the once famous minuet which opens the first act of the opera, to which the Athenian maidens, sacrificed to the Minotaur, were wont to dance.—At the Popular Concerts Messrs. Lloyd and Santley have sung, and Mr. Max Pauer and Miss Zimmermann have played. The lady introduced a characteristic, though somewhat sketchy, sonata in G by the Norwegian composer Grieg.—Other concerts were as follows: The vocal recital at which Mr. and Mrs. Henschel charmed a large audience with songs of the last two centuries; Herr Peiniger's recital, at which some old violin music, a song by Dr. Blow accompanied by harpsichord, and M. Saint-Saëns' new sonata for piano and violin were played; Mr. Henry Holmes' quartet concert; Mr. Tobias Matthay's piano recital; the Royal Academy concert; Mr. Sims Reeves' concert at the Albert Palace; the performance of Dr. Bridge's *Mount Moriah*; a popular performance at the Albert Hall of *Elijah*, with Madame Albani and Mr. Santley in the chief parts; and other performances. So too we can only mention the bare fact of the production of Sterndale Bennett's string quartet at the Brompton Oratory, merely adding that it was written nearly half a century ago, when Bennett was a boy of fifteen, and, *longo intervallo*, tried to imitate Haydn.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti has abandoned the Belgian part of her continental tour, and her plans are as yet undecided.—A site at Charing Cross has, it is stated, been secured for the new concert hall which has been projected for high class concerts at cheap prices. The hall will hold 4,500.—The new Guildhall School of Music on the Thames Embankment will be finished next summer, and it is officially announced that the new building will be opened in September next.—The serious illness is announced of Ettore Barili, once a popular baritone, and half-brother to the early teacher of Madame Adelina Patti.—The Vienna Conference on Musical Pitch is now sitting, but the British Government have wisely declined to take part in it.—Madame Sophie Menter has resolved to return to England for piano recitals next year.—It is reported in Paris that a French opera season is projected in London next year, and that M. Maurel has received the offer of an engagement.—The Glasgow Select Choir, with Mr. Lloyd and other eminent artists will sing at Mr. Ambrose Austin's "St. Andrew's" concert on Saturday.—Mr. Alfred Hays has secured the English rights of M. Messager's new opera *La Fanciulle du Temple*, produced on the 17th inst., at the Folies Dramatique, Paris.



It would be difficult to imagine a more tragic subject for a novel than has been chosen by Lady Duffus Hardy for the central motive of "Land in Sight" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey). It is that of a girl who, in a state of morbid excitement, approaching somnambulism, kills the man who has been more than a father to her, and whom she loves as a daughter. When she comes to herself, she has no more memory of it than of a forgotten dream, and has to learn it just when happiness lies open before her. It is questionable whether Lady Duffus Hardy has treated her readers kindly in presenting them with so tragic a picture. But there can be no doubt that the picture is composed with skill and power, and that the catastrophe, while led up to from the first, has nevertheless the effect of a surprise. The entire interest is artistically confined to Clarice, the heroine, whose portraiture contains a measure of originality. With all her brightness and capacity for joy and happiness, she has certain morbid qualities that just touch upon the border-land of insanity, and render her a subject of anxiety, while giving a curious piquancy to her general charm. The subordinate characters are less successful, and are of the usual conventional kind.

Miss Yonge has not chosen a congenial field in "Nuttie's Father" (Macmillan and Co.). Her characters, to do themselves justice, ought never to grow up, or find their way into a world wider or more difficult to live in than that of the schoolroom. In the present novel they are very much grown-up indeed, and lose their way in a very difficult country. Miss Yonge herself sometimes loses her own way in it, to an extent that injures the construction of her story and confuses its drift and motive. The latter, considered generally, is the attempt of good to conquer evil—the good being represented by the best and most self-sacrificing of girls, and evil by a selfish and altogether objectionable father. Unfortunately for anything in the shape of a moral, the father is brought into subjection by mere bodily break-up. The story is characterised throughout by Miss Yonge's distinctively religious tone, and, as a matter of course, by literary skill. But neither as a story nor as a study of character can it be classed among her successes. She has endeavoured to handle subjects that are altogether out of her line.

"Sacred Vows," by the German novelist, E. Werner, translated by Bertha Ness (Ward, Lock, and Co.), seems out of place in the region of shilling fiction. If that region, however, can find a profitable corner for such a work as this, there is some hope for the future. Only it is to be hoped that great writers will not take to overcompression for the sake of reaching the new market. It is bad enough when short stories have to be beaten out thin enough to cover three volumes; it will be worse if large stories, dealing necessarily with a great number of complex characters, have to be squeezed into one. "Sacred Vows" would be three times better by being three times as long. It is powerful in the highest sense, and its intensely dramatic climax deserved a better fate than to be hurriedly slurred over. Fortunately, the inherent interest of the plot and of the *dramatis personæ* is quite strong enough to stand a great deal of ill usage in respect of compression and even of German incapacity for construction. The story is in the main that of a young monk who feels committed to the life of the cloister against every impulse of his nature, which, by dint of effort, he succeeds outwardly, and to his own belief, in conquering. But it is a case of *Naturam expellas furci*. Mental discontent ends in mental rebellion, further confirmed by circumstances that the experienced novel reader will be at no loss to imagine. Then follows a maze of complications, ending in the complete triumph of nature and freedom over every effort, not excluding attempted murder itself, to subdue them. The characters, though the period is modern, have a mediæval flavour about them, which, however, is not out of keeping with those regions of Southern Germany where the scene of the romance is laid. At any rate, they are one and all admirably developed and contrasted. The novel is certain to make its mark in the memory of all its readers.

"Criss Cross," by Grace Deno Litchfield (1 vol.: G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a light and lively sketch, in the form of letters—novel it cannot be called—of the most frivolous side of American life and manners. It is certainly a welcome change from the solemn and transcendental psychology of ordinary American fiction. To read it is like leaving Boston for a pleasant holiday. Without rising to wit, or having much real sense of humour, the leading young lady, a very coquette of coquettes, has a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and not seldom says a really good thing in a small way.

"Voices Crying in the Wilderness" (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), is the story of a young man whose father, obviously a lunatic, had constituted himself High Priest of the Sun in a South Sea island,

where he and his boy Arthur were the only representatives of the outer world. Arthur grows up a fanatical sun-worshipper, and exercises, with his father, supreme rule, civil and ecclesiastical, over the natives. Cradled and bred under the influence of such extraordinary isolation, the reader naturally looks for remarkable things. The remarkable things consist in leaving the island, on his father's death, to claim his English inheritance, in his proving to be a very ordinary young gentleman, in his falling in love with a pretty nursery governess who jilts him for an earl, and his final marriage with a saintly and shadowy cousin. The story is evidently intended to be of a religious character; but its merits must be held to end in its no doubt excellent intentions, whatever they may be.



THE TURF.—The frost which interfered with racing last week has not as yet upset calculations for this the last week of the flat-racing season, though the weather has been wretched enough once more to suggest that flat-racing should cease with the end of October. Why cannot the Jockey Club make up its mind to enact that such shall be the case? Nine of every ten persons who follow racing would be thankful for such an enactment. There has been fair racing at Warwick during the early part of this week, but relatively the human fields in the stands and enclosures have not been so good as the equine fields at the starting post. But good as the latter were in point of numbers there was little real interest in the racing. Flitaway, the second favourite, took the Arden Nursery at Warwick; Granville, the first favourite, running third, in a field of sixteen. It is remarkable how often "the talent," or call it "public opinion," beats the handicappers, who are supposed to make all the starters equal. "Spotting the winner" was not, however, so successfully carried out in the Studley Castle Nursery, when in a field of eight the favourites were quite out of it, and the race was won by Winter Cherry, the extreme outsider of the party. On the first day the "aged" Knight of Burleigh in a field of ten won the Town Plate, and on the following day ran second for the Emscote Plate in a field of fourteen. He was an "aged" horse when he won the Lincolnshire Handicap in 1883.—The death of Mr. T. V. Morgan deprives the Turf of one of its most consistent and straightforward supporters. He won the Leger with Hawthornden in 1870; and was the owner of the wonderful little Globule, one of the most perfect fencers who ever negotiated an English steeplechase course.—Saturday in the present week is the last day of the flat-racing season.—The November Handicap at Manchester on that day continues to cause speculation, the meeting at their respective weights of Kilcreene, Thebais, Florence and Pizarro, who are the leading favourites, creating considerable interest.

COURSING.—In this department of sport also, the frost slightly interfered with proceedings in different districts; and at the classic Altcar Club meeting caused a postponement for a day. Among the final results was the victory of Mr. J. Bundrit's Boss in the Sefton Stakes for gentlemen puppies, and of Mr. L. Pilkington's Posada in the Croxteth Stakes for young ladies. It can hardly be said that the generality of the juveniles were up to the standard of a crack meeting. The Altcar Club Cup was won by Mr. L. Pilkington's Penelope II.

FOOTBALL.—The second round of the Association Cup, with the exception of a few drawn games, was completed on Saturday last, with the following results among others.—Blackburn Rovers (holders) beat Oswaldtwistle, Darwen Old Wanderers beat Accrington, Walsall Swifts Derby Midland, Notts Forest Notts Olympic, Notts County Sheffield Club, Old Westminsters Old Brightonians, and Old Harrovians Old Foresters.—The Universities, which seemed almost invincible a few weeks ago in both forms of the game, have not recently been having their own way altogether, Aston Villa having worsted Oxford in an Association game. In Rugby games, however, Oxford has beaten East Sheen and Blackheath. In an Association game Cambridge has beaten the Royal Engineers, but in a Rugby game has been beaten by Richmond.—In Rugby games Woolwich Academy has beaten Sandhurst, and London Scottish Clapham Rovers.

LACROSSE.—In Lacrosse games Clapton have beaten London, Hampstead Dulwich, and London Hampstead. The game evidently becomes more scientific every season, and before long it seems we shall be able to hold our own against Transatlantic players.

HOCKEY, a much more scientific and interesting game than is generally supposed, is not allowed to die out in certain districts. In recent matches Molesey has beaten Teddington and Wimbledon Trinity College, Cambridge.

CRICKET.—The last news from Australia seems to intimate that the Melbourne Club will not send an Eleven to this country next year.

AQUATICS.—The Colquhoun Sculls at Cambridge have been won by A. M. Cowper-Smith, of First Trinity, who is evidently but little removed from first-class.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY

THE present winter exhibition of oil pictures at the Dudley Gallery, though considerably smaller than its recent predecessors, contains a larger number of works that can be regarded with satisfaction, a few of them being by artists of established reputation. Mr. F. Goodall—one of the honorary members of the Society—sends a very small picture of Egyptian life, "The Water Carriers," and a larger work "The Outpost," representing an armed Arab seated on a camel in the desert. Both are marked by the truth of local character, accuracy of detail, and finished workmanship seldom absent from his pictures of the kind, but they fail to convey an impression of the glowing colour and clear atmosphere of the East. We know that, in the latter, he intended to represent bright sunlight only by the sharply defined shadow cast by the figures on the sand. Near this work hangs a good example of Mr. Henry Moore's well-known skill in rendering the appearance of movement in sea and sky, entitled "A Cloudy Morning." We have seen nothing by Mr. E. Blair Leighton so good as the picture he calls "Cut Off With a Shilling." An old gentleman, with an expression of stern determination on his pallid face, is giving his lawyer instructions as to his will, while a lady, standing beside him, timidly but very earnestly pleads in favour of the son he is disinheriting. The incident is realised with a great deal of dramatic and expressive power. The picture is firmly painted, and bears evidence throughout of careful consideration, but the colour in parts is rather heavy and opaque. Over-blackness in the shadows and the absence of diffused light detract something from the value of Mr. T. C. Gatch's "Interior of a Room, with Portrait." The figure of the gentleman seated by the window is characteristic, and, though full of elaborately-realised detail, the picture is in excellent keeping. It is free, moreover, from the over-exuberant bravura of handling that we have noticed in the artist's previous works.

Together with some technical shortcomings, a large picture by Mr. C. B. Yates, called "Wanted, a Governess," shows great ability. The three applicants for the office, patiently seated in a drawing-room, are true types of character, natural in attitude and

gesture; and the attendant footman, who has evidently an exalted idea of his own importance, is nearly as good. The execution, firm and solid, but the conflicting lights are rather bewildering, and in consequence of the imperfect foreshortening of the pattern on the carpet, the floor looks like an inclined plane. Mr. Horace Fisher's small half-length of "A Woman of Chioggia" is noteworthy for its breadth of handling and the very life-like expression of the characteristic but ugly head. Mr. J. K. Weguelin has a well-composed little picture of two Roman ladies preparing to bathe, "Down to the Summer Sea," distinguished by refined beauty of colour; and Mr. G. H. Barrable two pseudo-classical single figures, "Pomona" and "Flora," painted with commendable care, but wanting the severe simplicity of design proper to decorative work. Among many small works that should not pass unnoticed are "A Study" of the head of a beautiful Spanish lady by Mr. J. B. Burgess; a half-length of a female violinist, "Waiting," original in treatment, and very effectively painted by Maria Brooks; a clever picture of a naked child playing with a cat by Elizabeth Armstrong, and good landscape studies in their accustomed styles by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, Mr. J. Smart, and Mr. Alfred East.



MESSRS. CURWEN AND SONS.—A theme which always has an interest for young people is the tragic history of "The Babes in the Wood," which has been chosen for the libretto of a school cantata, written and composed by A. J. Foxwell and Josiah Booth; both libretto and music are good, and quite within the dramatic and musical powers of schoolboys and girls, with a little assistance from their elder sisters and brothers.—Far easier and more lively than the above is "Santa Claus at the School," a Christmas cantata, with dialogue, plentifully interspersed with songs, duets, and choruses. This cantata may be learnt and got up in the schoolroom with little or no assistance from the elders; the suggestions for placing it on the mimic stage, the costumes, &c., are plainly given, and may be carried out at very little expense.

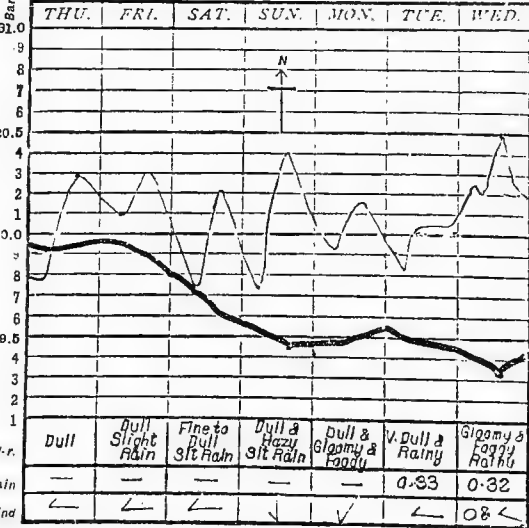
FREDERICK PITMAN.—In readiness for Christmas festivities, "Pitman's Musical Library," Vol. VII., contains 135 violin solos, consisting of popular dances, operatic, and other airs.—Nos. 70 and 71 of the "Sixpenny Musical Library" contain each thirty violin solos, consisting of popular dances, operatic, and other airs, selected and arranged by Albert Dufaure.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.—"Two Melodies for Violin and Piano, by Ethel Harraden, are pretty and unpretentious: 1, "Swing Song," in G, is not equal in merit to No. 2, "Romance," in B flat.—"Barcarole," from the Fourth Concerto of Sir Willam Sterndale Bennett, has been arranged for the organ from the full score with great taste and skill by Edwin M. Lott.—"Douze Pièces pour l' piano," by G. Flaxland, are of varying merit. "Berceuse" (No. 1), "Sousvenance" (No. 4), "Kosatchka" (Petite Cosaque) (No. 5), and "Cloches et Horloges" are the best of the set.—Three pianoforte pieces, by Polydore de Vos, will prove very popular for school practice and performance; they are "Esperance," a *réverie caprice*, "Impromptu Hongrois," and "Marche Arabe."—A trifle more difficult than the above are "May Dew" (Sir W. S. Bennett), skillfully transcribed for the pianoforte by W. Kuhe, and "Caprice" ("L'Amitié"), in G major for the pianoforte, by Walter Macfarren.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A song with spirited words and music, suitable for a Christmas gathering, is "Follow the Drum," written and composed by J. Wilson and G. J. Rubini (Messrs. Willey and Co.).—A song which will deservedly win the favour of the mothers of all nations is "Tiny Feet," the sweet poetry by Lindsay Lennox, music by Morton Elliott (Messrs. F. Amos and Co.).—A fairly good specimen of its school is "The Carrington Waltz," by W. J. Newcombe (Messrs. Chappell and Co.).—It is the nature of most children to sing when at their play and amusements; bearing this in mind, Kate Smith arranged a bright and easy set of popular nursery rhymes to their well-known tunes, for the special amusement of her young friends; they won such universal approval that she was induced to publish them under the title of "The Children's Singing Christmas Quadrilles" (B. Williams).

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been more or less gloomy; and misty in all parts of the country. The highest pressures have varied between the neighbourhoods of our extreme North-Eastern Coasts, Denmark and the East Coast of Sweden, while the lowest have been shown both off the South-West of our Islands, on the West Coast of France, and over the North of Norway. The winds have consequently blown from some Easterly point generally, and have varied in strength from a light to a moderate breeze during the greater part of the week to a strong breeze or moderate gale on our East Coasts and at some of the Irish stations towards the close of the period. The sky has been overcast, with very little intermittence throughout, and a good deal of mist and fog prevailed in nearly all places. Slight rain fell during the greater part of the week at a few stations, but became heavier and more general towards the close of the week. Temperature elsewhere than in London fell below the freezing point during the first three days of the period. Over Scotland readings as low as 20° were registered, while in Central and South-Eastern England the thermometer showed a minimum of 25°.

The barometer was highest (29.97 inches) on Thursday (19th inst.); lowest (29.34 inches) on Wednesday (25th inst.); range 0.65 inches.

The temperature was highest (50°) on Wednesday (25th inst.); lowest (35°) on Saturday and Sunday (21st and 22nd inst.); range 15°.

Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.65 inch. Greatest fall on any one day (0.33 inch) on Tuesday (24th inst.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

WHATEVER may be thought of Mr. Chamberlain's principles, it is not disputed that he has made himself one of the foremost figures in the political life of England. If we except Mr. Gladstone, there is no Liberal statesman who attracts so much attention. Every meeting which he addresses receives him with enthusiasm, and the only political ideas discussed with much eagerness by the newspapers are those of which he has become the most prominent champion. Whether he will ever take the first place in the Liberal ranks, it is perhaps too early to speculate. That depends on the answer to the question whether the Radicals or the Moderate Liberals are to be the dominant element in the Liberal party. However this may be, it is certain that his influence is steadily growing, and that, even if Lord Hartington should be Mr. Gladstone's successor, the new Liberal leader will have to shape his policy to a large extent in accordance with Mr. Chamberlain's wishes.

Mr. Chamberlain was born in London in 1836, and was educated at University College School. At school he was much liked by his comrades; but he did not, it is said, give evidence of exceptional ability. In 1854 his father—who was a member of one of the London City Companies—joined a firm of wood-screw makers at Birmingham; and in due time Mr. Chamberlain was admitted into this firm as a partner, a position which he held until 1874, when he retired from business.

At an early age Mr. Chamberlain was well known in Birmingham as a politician of advanced opinions, and he soon won the confidence of the progressive party in the town. In 1870 he was elected a member of the Birmingham School Board, and two or three years later he became its Chairman. He was already a member of the Town Council, and during three successive years—1874, 1875, 1876—he held the office of Mayor. To the duties of this position he devoted himself with remarkable enthusiasm, and all parties in Birmingham admit that he did excellent service by his zeal and energy.

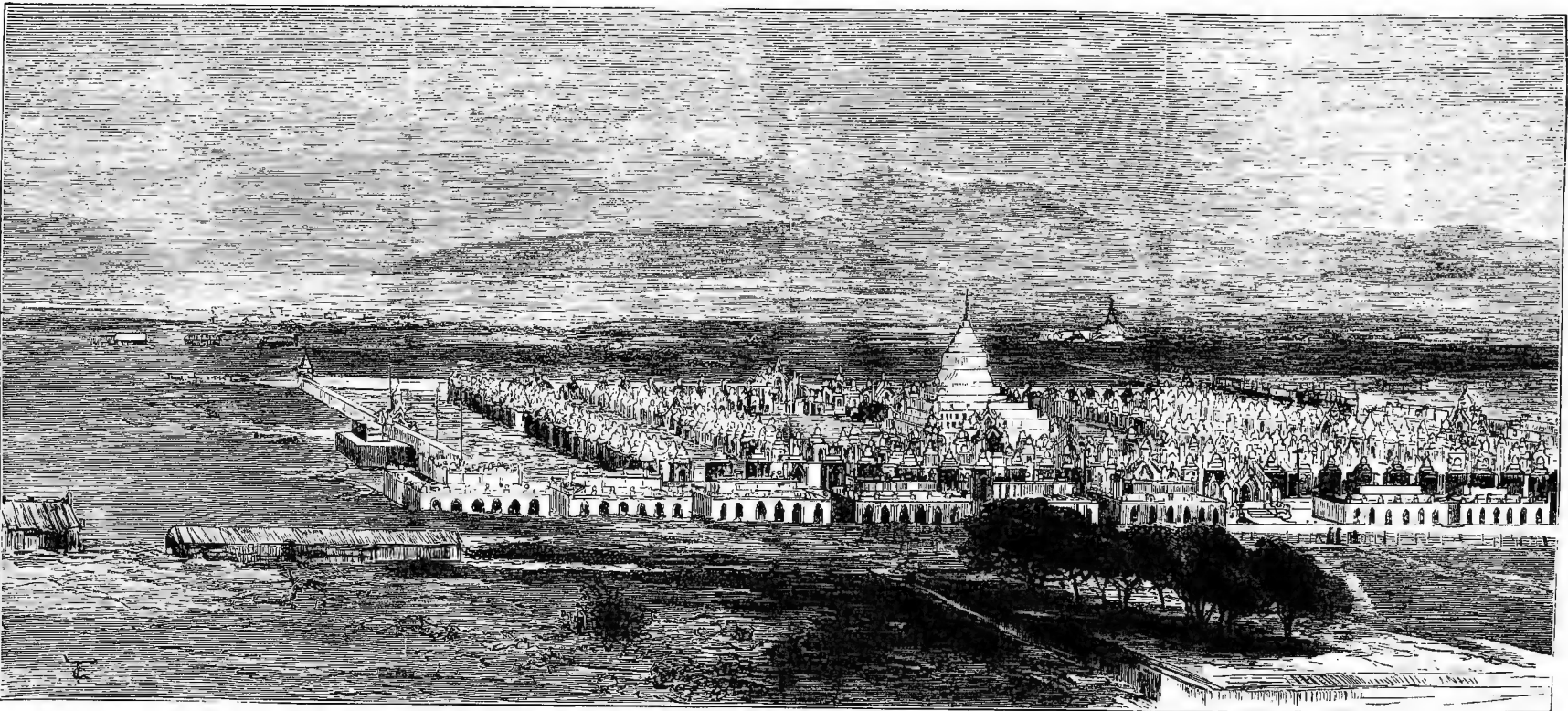
In 1873 Mr. Chamberlain contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* an able article on "The Liberal Party and its Leaders;" and in the fol-



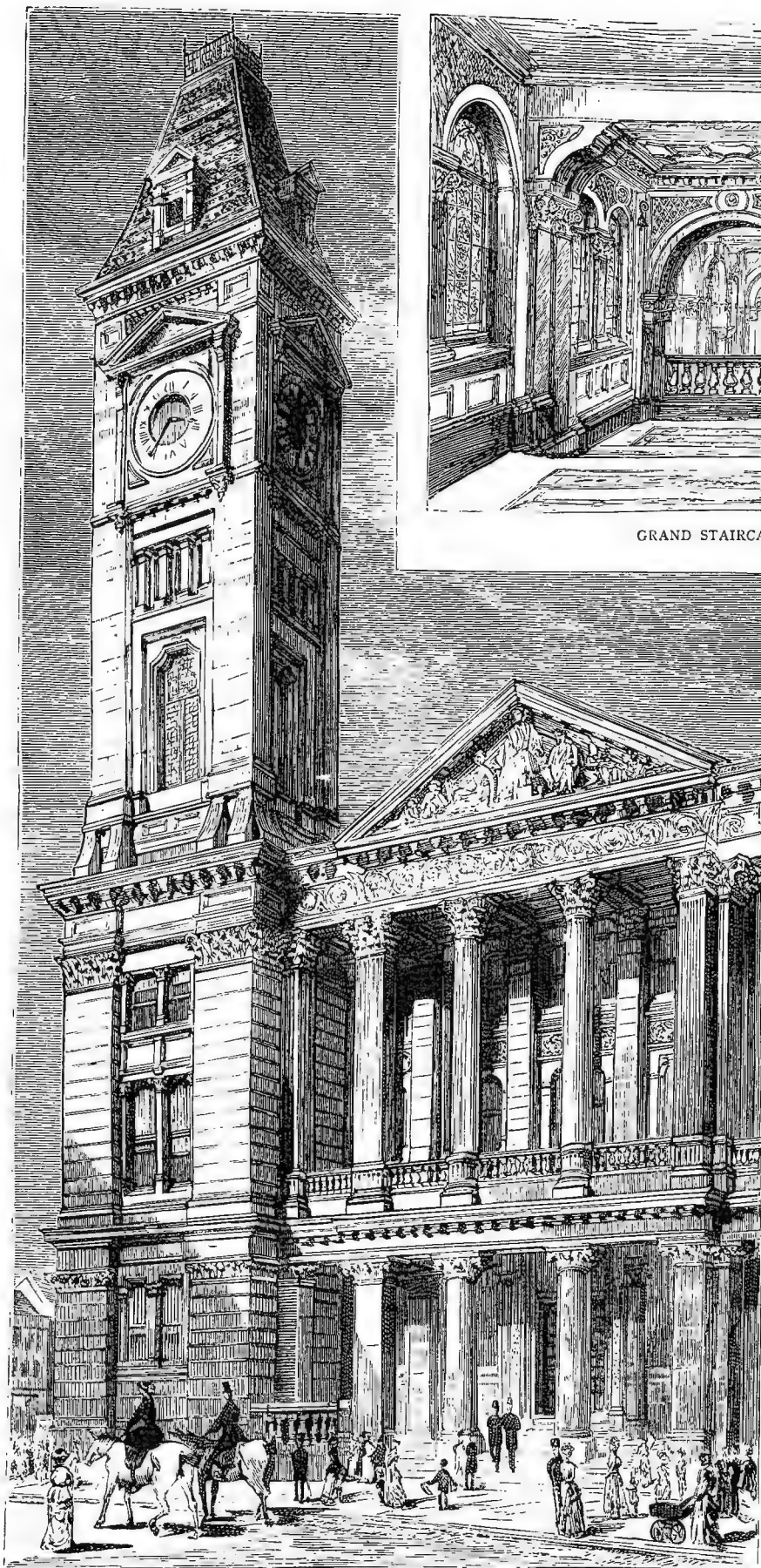
THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

lowing year, soon after the General Election which raised Mr. Disraeli to power, this article was followed by a still more striking one on "The Next Page in the Liberal Programme." In the latter paper he discussed with great freedom the causes which had led to the defeat of the Liberals; and it is worth noting that Mr. Chamberlain did not at that time think himself bound to lavish praises on Mr. Gladstone. "At a moment's notice," he wrote, "the Dissolution was resolved on, and Mr. Gladstone promulgated through the country the meanest public document that has ever, in like circumstances, proceeded from a statesman of the first rank. His manifesto was simply an appeal to the selfishness of the middle classes." The chief object of the article was to show that the Liberals could not hope to regain office unless they were prepared to commit themselves to some great scheme of reform; and the particular scheme which he commended to their attention was the proposal for Disestablishment—a proposal for which, as he believed, public opinion was ripe. Then, as now, he argued that the endowments of the Church of England should be devoted to the creation of a vast system of free education.

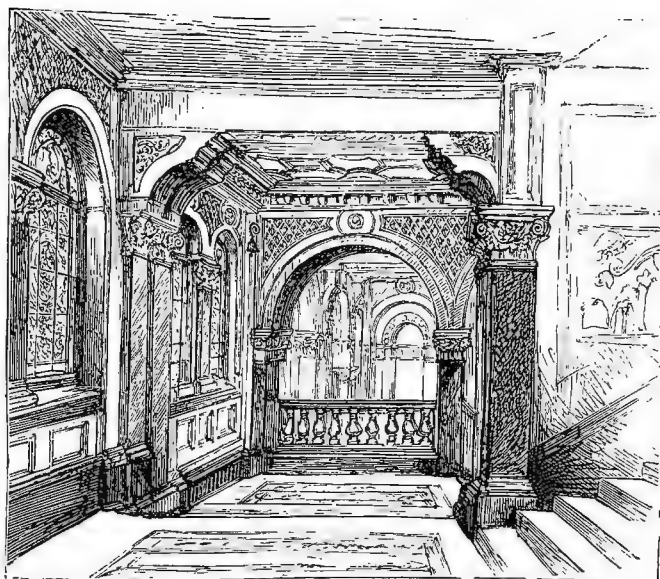
At the General Election of 1874 Mr. Chamberlain opposed Mr. Roebuck at Sheffield, but was defeated. Two years afterwards he was elected to the seat vacated by Mr. Dixon at Birmingham; and in the course of the following Session he succeeded in establishing his claim to be regarded as one of the Radical leaders. At the General Election of 1880 he was again returned for Birmingham, and Mr. Gladstone appointed him President of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet. His career since that time is familiar to all who give the slightest attention to English politics, for in the discussion of every great political question he has taken a distinguished part. While President of the Board of Trade he won golden opinions by the tact with which he conducted the Bankruptcy Bill through the House of Commons; but he excited much bitter opposition by his measure for the protection of seamen. On this subject he may have spoken sometimes without due measure, but there can be little doubt



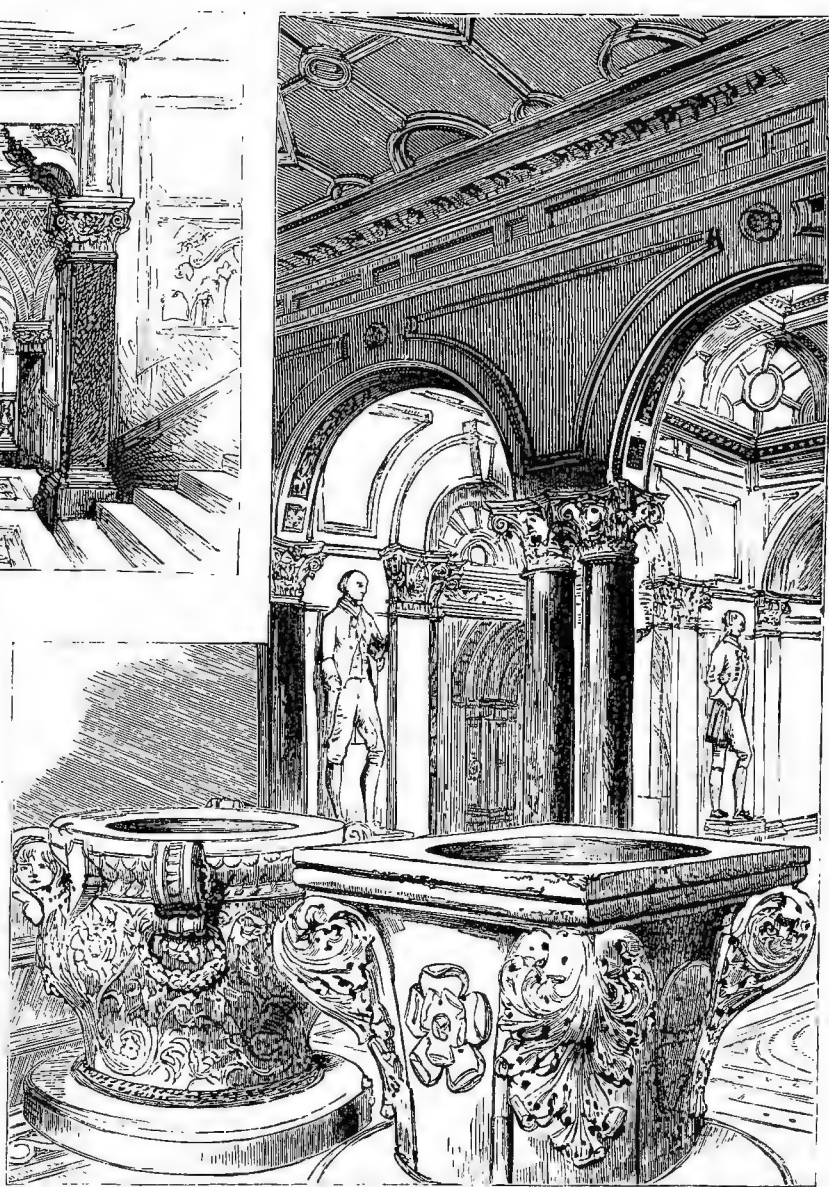
THE EXPEDITION AGAINST KING THEEBAW OF BURMA—THE KING'S PAGODA, MANDALAY



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE



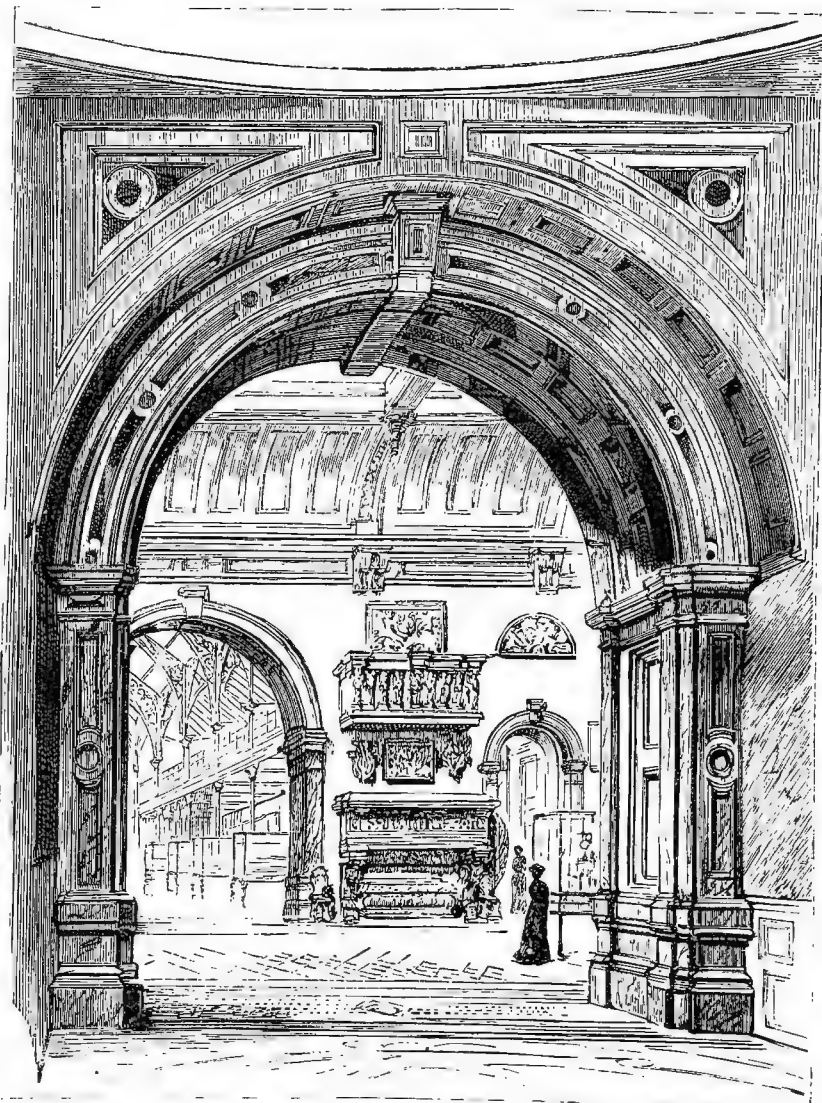
GRAND STAIRCASE



THE LOBBY



PERRY HALL, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, THE SEAT OF THE HON. A. C. G. CALTHORPE
Where the Prince of Wales is Staying during his Visit to Birmingham



A VIEW IN THE INTERIOR

THE NEW MUSEUM AND ART GALLERIES AT BIRMINGHAM

OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, NOVEMBER 28

that, on the whole, the sympathy of the public was with Mr. Chamberlain rather than with the shipowners.

Mr. Chamberlain's opponents attack him with extraordinary persistency and violence, and it must be admitted that he himself often adopts an extremely irritating tone. It seems about time, however, that Conservative orators should cease to talk of him as a politician who has no object except the advancement of his own interests. No impartial person can read his speeches attentively without perceiving that, however much he may love place and power, he is dominated by a sincere and ardent sympathy with the poor and the oppressed, and that the hope of being able to remedy some of the frightful evils of our present social state is the governing motive of his public life. There is much difference of opinion even among Liberals as to the justice and expediency of the measures by which he proposes to accomplish this great end; but to describe his schemes as Socialistic is to use the word "Socialistic" very loosely. The principal aim of Mr. Chamberlain is to prepare the way (without confiscation) for the creation of a powerful class of peasant proprietors, and it is well known that peasant proprietors have always been the most resolute enemies of Socialism.

As an orator Mr. Chamberlain has not the ease and dignified simplicity of Mr. Bright; but he is fluent, lucid, and vigorous, and in some of his latest speeches he has shown that he can, when he pleases, state his opinions and give utterance to his aspirations in remarkably impressive language. Unfortunately, he seems to take a mischievous pleasure in startling timid people, and this peculiarity occasionally tempts him to use alarming phrases, which convey a very misleading impression. He has, however, the merit of invariably going to the heart of his subject, and it is he who has raised nearly all the really important issues which have been discussed during the electoral agitation of the last two or three months. —Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, and Cheapside.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

V.

THE higher class of Christmas giftbooks are decidedly overpowered this winter by the mass of story-books and juvenile works. Among the few examples of this type, however, Mr. W. J. Loftie's handsome history of the Royal borough, "Windsor" (Seeley), will find a place in many a loyal home. Though brief, Mr. Loftie's chronicle is remarkably pleasant and comprehensive, omitting few features of interest in the home of English Monarchy, while the illustrations are as finished as the text. Various artists reproduce the most attractive points of Castle, Park, and Town; and the larger pictures of deer and forest contrast effectively with the charming architectural bits, and the copy of Mr. Boehm's stately figure of the Queen forming the frontispiece. —Further along the banks of Father Thames the pencil is busy with many a lovely spot between Oxford and Henley in "Isis and Thamesis" (Seeley), where Professor Church chats brightly of the scenes depicted, and of his own fishing reminiscences. Pleasantly sprinkled with pretty vignette views and etchings, these pages will be enjoyed alike by the artistic, the angler, and the "Varsity man." —Yet another portion of "Picturesque Europe" (Cassell) carries us from native to foreign beauties—through fair France and sunny Spain, from Norwegian fjords and mountains to Italian shores and volcanoes, amidst the rocks of the Channel Islands and the quaint old German towns. Like its predecessors, the present volume provides the best of both prose and picture, and this time deals with less stereotyped subjects than usual. But why are Strassburg, Bouillon, and Luxemburg included in the frontiers of France instead of in their own countries?—Passing from black and white to coloured drawings, Mr. G. Carline is moderately happy in his illustrations to Whittier's poem of two disappointed lives, "Maud Müller" (Eyre and Spottiswoode). As presented by the artist, fair Maud is rather too *gauche* a type of rustic beauty. —Moreover, the colour-printing cannot compete with the delicacy and finish shown in the reproductions of Old Masters for "The Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (National Society's Depository), which are beautiful examples of French work. This tasteful volume is intended to illustrate the life of Christ by the aid of Italian Art of the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries, the pictures being chosen for their most vivid interpretation of the Gospel spirit rather than for their fame. Fra Angelico predominates, and claims ten out of the twenty-three plates, the majority having been drawn by Mr. J. E. Goodall from the originals with considerable care and fidelity. Mr. F. Palgrave contributes the accompanying notes, and a very scholarly introduction, describing the growth and development of Italian Religious Art.—With this work may be fitly bracketed a reprint of "The Parables of Our Lord" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), with the well-known illustrations by Millais.

Turning to Art picture-books for the nursery, what could be prettier than "Through the Meadows" (Hildesheimer and Faulkner), with Mr. Weatherly's sweet sketches of song about children and flowers, birds and animals; and Miss Edwards and Mr. Staples to divide the illustrations in their own characteristic styles? It is difficult to decide which are the more charming—Miss Edwards' bonny rustic children in their bright, soft colouring, or Mr. Staples' delicate monochrome landscape and floral bits; but there is no doubt about the attraction of the volume.—The same verdict applies to Miss Alice Havers' pictures to several of Hans Andersen's stories, collected as "The White Swans" (same publishers), a truly enticing gift for a child. Occasionally the figures are a little awkwardly drawn; but, as a whole, the designs and colouring are very tasteful, and well befit these familiar fairy fancies.

Happy the boy who can astonish his friends by the simplest amateur conjuring and card-tricks; he will be the hero of his companions for many a day. So all dabblers in drawing-room magic will revel in "Conjuror Dick" (Warne), where Mr. Angelo Lewis (Professor Hoffman) has embodied in a stirring tale plain and comprehensive directions for numerous conjuring deceptions. Fresh and humorous, the book is safe to be popular, and will probably raise up plenty of youthful wizards at Christmas parties. —Other volumes mingle information with amusement, particularly Mr. H. Frith's straightforward account of the Crusades, "In the Brave Days of Old" (Routledge), which gives young people a clear outline of these chivalrous enterprises.—Descending in the historical scale, three tales deal with Stuart troubles in England. For once Professor Church is dull, and his "With the King at Oxford" (Seeley) lacks the interest of his recent Roman story.—There is more life in Miss Lloyd's sketch of Royalists and Roundheads, "Judged by Appearances" (London Literary Society), as good a historical novelette for girls as Miss Paull's agreeable picture of the British and Dutch Courts in the days of James II., "My Mistress the Queen" (Blackie).—Later still, we come to the Luddite riots in Yorkshire, graphically described by Mr. Henty in "Through the Fray" (Blackie), though it must be confessed that the author hardly interests his audience so much when away from his favourite soldiering.—Nor is Mr. Edwin Hodder so good as usual in "Thrown Upon the World" (Hodder and Stoughton), which, though exciting enough, abounds with wild improbabilities.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Certainly the Old English and the plain greeting cards increase in favour. One of the most ingenious and appropriate of the former is Mr. Hodgson's "The Yule King's Grant," mainly an authentic representation of an Elizabethan grant of arms, which was granted by the Yule Rex, instead of being patented by the Garter King. Elaborately drawn out on parchment, with the orthodox seal and ribbon, the card conveys seasonable

wishes, while the Christmas good cheer of a fat gander, snapdragon, pudding, and beef, is comically represented in the coat of arms. —Much trouble of choice is prevented by sending some such card as those prettily designed by Messrs. Baird, Glasgow, where the sender's name and good wishes are neatly printed on gold or silver with a suitable accompanying device, or by using Mr. Bennet's ingenious "Visette" Card, where space is left for the insertion of the ordinary visiting card. This is an excellent idea, and the small folding cards for gentlemen are especially pretty.—Messrs. Nelson's chromo view cards are just the thing to despatch to friends who have shared our holidays. These well executed pictures of Scotch and English favourite resorts, with their tasteful floral borderings, will remind us of many pleasant hours.—Ordinary Christmas cards in plenty come from Mr. Nathan, whose best designs are the landscapes framed in seaweed, children in wintry woods, and the frogs with an egg, while the niggers of Messrs. Misch and Stock's supply are amusing both in verse and picture. The latter's card with the embossed wreath of satin flowers is more singular than pretty.—Messrs. Davidson's contributions vary decidedly in merit. While many vignette landscapes and frosted scenes are refined and distinctly original—particularly Mrs. Dallas Harding's designs of messages along the telegraph wires, tennis racquets, bellows, &c.—in other cases gorgeous colour is bestowed with painful liberality. The Scotch fishwives are good, also the invalid animals, and there are merry children galore.—The Religious Tract Society's cards follow the usual line of flowers, texts, and hymns, but are more artistic than formerly; while, on the other hand, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's show a distinct falling-off, their hunting scenes and niggers being the best. Indeed, niggers and frogs seem the favourite subjects this year, for we have some most comical pictures from Mr. A. Ackermann, where the bodies of the frogs duelling, playing lawn tennis, &c., apparently consist of the real dried skins. Mr. Ackermann also imports Messrs. Prang's collection, which contains some striking, as well as charming, designs. A trio of sunrise, sunset, and night are very startling indeed, and in less good taste than the graceful wintry landscapes with birds, the flower groups, and the amusing series for children, with their owls, bears, gnomes, and quaint Chinese babies. As usual the backs of the cards are specially pretty, while here there is more of the seasonable winter tone, as in Messrs. Sockl and Nathan's packet, where the frosted snow scenes are very good. So, too, are the illuminated Old English cards, and the numerous childish groups.



"THE REVOLT OF THE FARMERS" is the somewhat alarmist heading chosen by the editors of papers in the North-Eastern and also South-Eastern counties of England. The information which follows is, however, the reverse of alarming. It is on the contrary exceedingly reassuring. It is to the effect that in Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire, and again in Kent and Sussex, farmers are so disgusted at the disparity between prices in the wholesale stock market and butchers' prices to customers, that they are killing their sheep and pigs, and retailing the joints to the public. The result is said to be proving very satisfactory, and quite fifty farmers in Kent alone are stated to have practically taken up the business of butchers. In the North, cattle have been retailed as well as sheep and pigs, and the difficulties of dividing have not proved insuperable. We wish this movement every success. It is good news for consumers as well as producers.

SCOTTISH AGRICULTURE is stated to be far from flourishing, the yield of oats in many parts of the Highlands having proved disappointing by reason of the protracted harvest, while in the Lowlands the yield of all cereals is very variable, and the prices unfortunately are universally low; for wheat and oats below cost of production, for barley barely surpassing it. The potato crop has now been lifted in the majority of counties, but the yield is about 25 per cent. deficient, whereas in England it is probably an average. Frost has badly injured the tubers, and not them alone, but has also "got at" the mangels and swedes, which have to be fed off quickly. Turnips have been favoured by the weather of October and early November, and will be a far better yield than expected at Michaelmas. This is one of the few bright places in the agricultural outlook of the North.

NORWICH was *en fête* last week, when the Christmas Cattle Show, the annual Chrysanthemum Show, and the visit of a big menagerie coincided with the excitement of one of the most vehemently contested elections ever witnessed in contest-loving Norwich. The Cattle Show was remarkable for the victories of the Shorthorn-Angus crossbreds, for the excellent animals sent by the Queen, for the achievement of the Prince of Wales in taking the front place with his South Down Sheep against all exhibits, including those of Mr. J. J. Colman, for Mr. Wortley's fine Herefords, and, in an unsatisfactory sense, for the poor display made by the Red Polls in their own home. The sheep were good, but the pigs bad, the corn good, but the roots secondary, the table decoration and cookery displays only second rate, but the dressed poultry first rate.

A TIGER FIGHT is not always to be witnessed in an English cathedral city, but on the 19th inst. this excitement was provided for the half-dozen spectators who cared to stay and witness it. In the big menagerie, which sensible people—and they are all sensible people at Norwich—call, in goodly English, the Wild Beast Show, were two fine tigers and a leopard. The leopard and one of the tigers were cage companions, but the other tiger lodged apart. Having an opportunity accidentally afforded him, he proceeded to visit his brother, and on doing so took exception to the leopard, on whom he proposed to spring. But tiger found he had to bargain with tiger, and not with leopard, and a fight began, in which the caller was worsted, and throttled after just four minutes' struggle, as timed by a spectator's watch. The windpipe of the dead animal was found to be completely crushed, and this was the cause of death. The animals were too far at the back of the cage to be reached by pitchforks, and a water-hose was fetched too late to separate them.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS have, for the most part, preserved their accustomed stolidity throughout the election period; but in North-West Norfolk and in Lincolnshire some disgraceful scenes have occurred; and not only have meetings been broken up by organised gangs, but the Conservative candidates have been attacked in driving about and pelted with bottles, roots, and especially with the sharp, broken flints which the highway authorities appear just now to have thoughtfully provided in piles at the road-sides for the purpose. Bad bruises and dangerous cuts have been the result. Against this bad sign a good symptom has to be set in the large attendance of *bona fide* agricultural labourers at the meetings of both parties in the rural districts. There has been singularly little interruption, except where disturbance had evidently been organised beforehand.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW of poultry, pigeons, and rabbits has just been held, and this, the seventeenth annual exhibition, has surpassed in excellence and interest the great majority of preceding Shows. There were something like 7,000 exhibits, and the poultry classes were especially remarkable. Some of the Spanish fowls were reserved at prices of one to two hundred pounds, and prices of

twenty to fifty guineas were frequent. Coloured, silver-grey, and white Dorkings, enormous Cochins and Brahmas, and the Houdan and Hamburg varieties were extremely well represented, as also were the game fowl. The fanciers of pigeons also enjoyed a great treat, all the great varieties being well represented. Some ducks of enormous size were shown, and some splendid turkeys and geese. The rabbit "fancy" shows no signs of decadence, on the contrary it appears to be steadily winning way.

WOOD SALES IN KENT.—The great underwood and plantation sales now being held in Kent are for the most part going off very badly. The depression in prices is most severe in the better class of woods from which hop-poles are mostly supplied. The fall in the price of hop poles, largely influenced by the low value of hops, is quite unprecedented. For the best woods in the Medway and Tunbridge divisions the biddings have been extremely slow, and fully 30 per cent. under last year's prices.

"AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE"*

AMIDST the mass of mediocre verse—to use no harsher term—which is almost daily forced upon one's notice, it is a treat to come upon such a gem as "At the Sign of the Lyre," by Austin Dobson (Kegan Paul), a volume full from cover to cover of wit, humour, and pathos, all embodied in the most musical strains. On laying down the volume it is difficult to determine which class of its contents is most deserving of praise; the *vers de société* are, of course, first-rate of their kind—probably no writer since Præd has surpassed, few have equalled, Mr. Dobson in this class of composition, and we may instance as present examples "Dora versus Rose," "Lines to a Stupid Picture," and "Molly Trefaxis," although the last-named two do not claim to come under the category. Then what could be more charming in its way than "A Fairy Tale," with its well-merited hit at certain dull people, who are all for what they please to call "practical use?" Or, in another vein, "A Garden Song," which in some unaccountable way set us thinking of Andrew Marvell, though it is not really in the least like him! But, if choice must be made, we own to a preference for "A Tale of Polypheme," and the other pieces, minor in size only, wherein there peeps out from amidst all the fun and delicate fancy that element of pathos and sterling thought which we will maintain to be one of Mr. Austin Dobson's truest characteristics, but for which he has as yet, perhaps, hardly received due recognition. The tale of the poor old sailor blacksmith and his little white goddess is, to our mind, infinitely more akin to tears than laughter, graceful as is its humour, and it is as melodious as touching. Again, how can too high praise be given to those last verses of "To a Missal of the Thirteenth Century," with all their regretful looking back to better things, or to "Don Quixote." We have left ourselves too little space to speak as we could have wished about the delightful fables and other poems in the manner of Gay and Prior; for wit and delicate satire these could hardly be surpassed, and certainly, if our former favourite is to have a successor in the present day, we can think of no shoulders upon which the mantle might more fittingly descend than upon those of Mr. Austin Dobson. It must suffice to note, as amongst the best, "The Poet and the Critics," "The Successful Author," and "The Water Cure." As for the *ballades* and *rondeaux*, they are very good of their kind, but we must confess to no great liking for these *lours de force*—there always seems something artificial about them, and we may ask with the author

Why should I choose another way,
When this was good enough for Gay?



VICE-CHANCELLOR BACON has granted, on the application of Lord Lytton, an interim injunction to restrain from publishing or dealing with the letters of the late Lord Lytton to his wife certain persons who, it was reported, had offered copies of them to the well-known German publisher, Baron Tauchnitz of Leipzig.

IN MRS. WELDON'S action against Sir Henry de Bathe, tried before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, for having signed an order to place her as a person of unsound mind in a lunatic asylum, that indefatigable lady, who, as usual, conducted her case in person, has obtained from a special jury a verdict in her favour with 1,000*l.* damages.

ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY STORIES ever told in a Court of Justice was that of Mr. Pound, commercial traveller, on the trial of a will case before Sir James Hannen this week. Pound was married, to all appearances happily, when he formed an attachment to a lady who passed as Miss Jackson, her husband having deserted her. The result was that he spent part of his time with Miss Jackson as Mr. Jackson, buying property under both names. When he resided with Mrs. Pound, Miss Jackson supposed him gone on a business journey, and *vice versa*. He carried on this deception successfully for ten or twelve years, though his two residences were at no great distance from each other in London. On his death two wills were found, in one of which, as James Pound, he left all his property to his "dear wife, Sarah Pound;" while in the other he made the same bequest to his "dear wife, Susanna Jackson." The will in favour of Mrs. Pound was duly proved; and now probate was asked for that in favour of Miss Jackson, who died last year, by her executors. They contended that this will, being dated nine years later than the other, was the only valid one. Ultimately the parties agreed to act on the suggestion of the Judge, which was that Mrs. Pound should take all the property which the testator left in the name of Pound, and the executors of Miss or Mrs. Jackson all that he had left in the name of Jackson, Sir James Hannen being decidedly of opinion that Pound intended his property to be disposed of thus.

GORDON MEMORIALS have been plentiful of late, and amongst them comes as a claimant for support the Gordon Day Nursery and People's Church Mission in Shadwell, a neighbourhood inhabited by the poorest class of the dock and wharf labourers. As the mothers here work as well as the fathers the children sorely need such an institution as this Gordon Nursery, where they are cared for at 3*d.* daily, or 2*d.* for fatherless children. This Mission, besides the ordinary routine of Church work—Services, classes, and the like—provides a refuge for destitute men and boys, for whom it strives to provide employment, a Ragged School, and now wishes to establish a Soup Kitchen for the Winter. The meals at this soup kitchen will not be free, but charged for at a very low cost, so as to avoid any danger of encouraging begging or laziness. A special appeal is accordingly made for 400*l.* yearly to carry on this valuable work, and donations will be thankfully received by the Superintendent, A. C. A. MacLaglen, at the Gordon Nursery, 8, High Street, Shadwell, or the Treasurer, Captain Bainton, 505, Commercial Road, E. Gifts of old clothes, toys, &c., will be also welcome.

* "At the Sign of the Lyre," by Austin Dobson (Kegan Paul).

DEATH.

On the 24th inst., of heart disease, LULU, dearly beloved wife of HERBERT HEROMER, aged thirty-six. Friends kindly accept this only intimation.

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and BREATH.

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Floriline
Cleanses the Teeth from Impurities.
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For the TEETH
and BREATH.

Floriline
Arrests the progress of Decay.
and makes the Teeth Pearly White.

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Hardens the Gums
And purifies the Mouth.

Floriline
For the TEETH
and BREATH.

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Is harmless as Sherry,
and can be used by Children.

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Removes unpleasant Odours
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Ever yet discovered.

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"THE BEST & FAR MORE EFFICACIOUS."
At CHEMISTS,  EVERY-
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MILLINERY.
Designed by Parisian Artists.
Cheaper adaptations from these models are made,
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be had at a very moderate cost.
"CREPE IMPERIAL for Mourn-
ing Wear. It is all wool, and yet looks
exactly like crepe, as it has the crinkled or crimped
surface which is inseparable from that fabric. It is
solid and most durable, being free from the elasticity
of the more perishable silk crepe which it so closely
resembles, and yet it is glossy. It is made up effectively
into costumes for deep mourning, when it is not com-
pulsory to trim with crepe, and will wear as long as
the mourner elects to use it."—Extract from the
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MESSRS. JAY'S experienced
DRESSMAKERS AND MILLINERS
travel to any part of the Kingdom,
free of expense to purchasers.
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Patterns of Materials,
at 1s. per yard and upwards,
and at the same price as if purchased at
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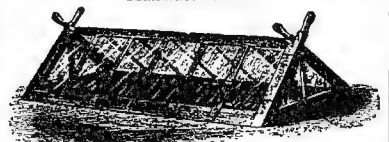
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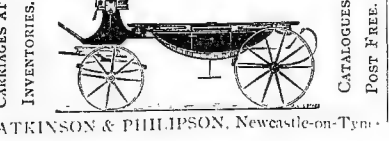
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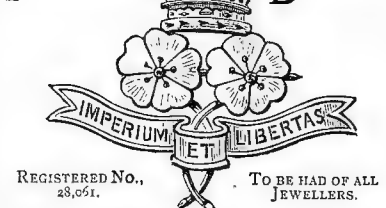


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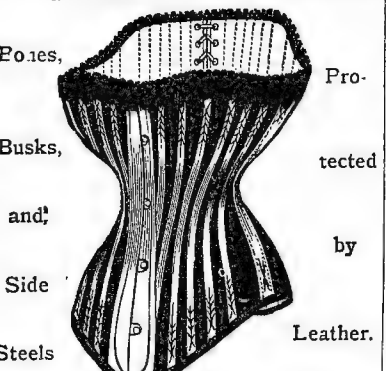
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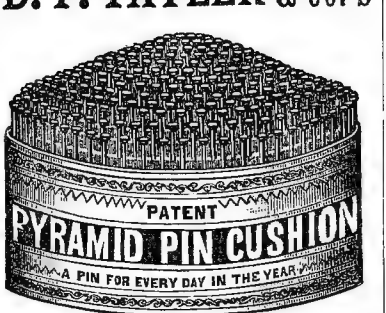
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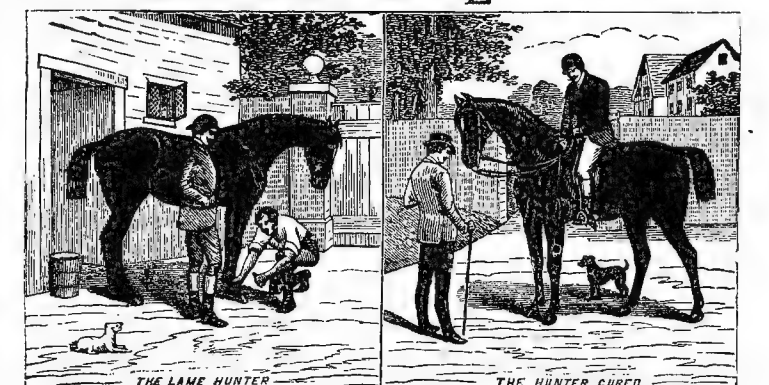
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Asked a young mother in accents low.

"How many pounds from the crown curl

To the rosy tint of the restles toe?"

Grandfather ties the kerchief knot,

Tenderly guides the swinging weight,

And carefully over his glasses peers

To read the record, "Only eight!"

SECOND VERSE.

Softly the echo goes around.

The father laughs at the tiny girl;

The fair young mother sings the words,

While grand old smooths the golden curl,

And, stooping above the precious thing,

Nestles a kiss within a prayer;

Murmuring softly, "Little one,

Grandfather did not weigh you fair

THIRD VERSE.

"Grandfather did not weigh your soul,

For this, on earth, no weights there be

But One alone there is who knows

Its value in eternity.

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note,

Be gay and glad, but ne'er forget,

From Daisy's eyes look out a soul

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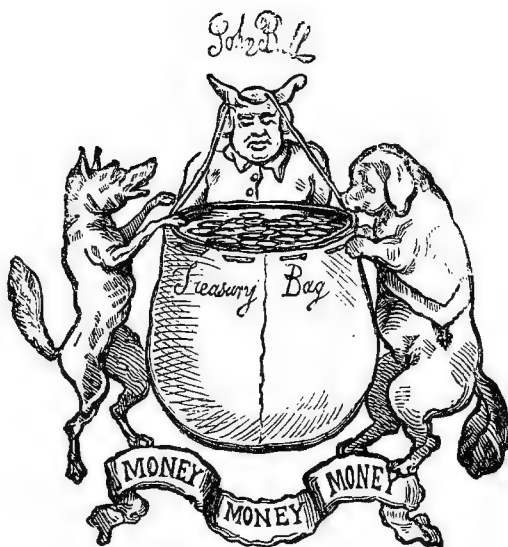
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Fox had introduced his vast measure of reform for the reconstitution of our Eastern Empire; but the Bill, although passed by the majority commanded by the Coalition Ministry in the Commons, was thrown out on the second reading in the Lords. The King and the East India Company both worked vigorously to attain this end. On Fox's defeat it was left to Lord Temple to constitute an administration which should satisfy the King; but the new Ministry were beaten on every measure introduced by their rivals, and ultimately Parliament was dissolved on March 25th, 1784; thus ending for the time this threatening contest between the Crown and the most important part of the Legislature, and transferring the arena of conflict to the hustings. By the Royal will, Pitt, though only in his twenty-fifth year, was established as Prime Minister of England, uniting in himself the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; his colleagues being those already known as "the King's friends," or youthful aspirants to power willing to tread in their steps.

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No longer they tell us we're going to ruin,
The people they serve in whatever they're doing.

sented as but the commencement of a general invasion of the chartered rights of corporate bodies. The Prince of Wales interested himself warmly in favour of Fox, to the annoyance of the King and Queen; it was declared that the Prince had canvassed in person, and the members of his household were actively engaged in promoting the success of the Whig chief. Beyond the unpopularity of relying upon Court patronage and the imputations of "wearing two faces under a Hood," and being "a Greenwich pensioner," Admiral Lord Hood escaped the more bitter party and personal attacks made upon Wray. At the beginning of the election Hood had brought up a large contingent of sailors, or, as the opposition alleged, chiefly hired ruffians dressed in sailors' clothes; these desperadoes surrounded the hustings, and intimidated Fox's friends, and even hindered those who attempted to register votes in favour of the Whig chief; they grew uproarious as the poll progressed, and parading the streets, assaulted Fox's partisans, made conspicuous by displaying his "true blue" favours; they also attacked the Shakespeare Tavern, where his committee met, when, threatening to wreck the house, they were beaten off by the inmates; after a reign of terror, which was endured for four days without organised resistance, the sailor mob encountered a rival faction—entitled the "honest mob" by the opposition newspapers—these were the hackney chairmen, a numerous body, chiefly Irishmen, almost unanimous in their support of Fox; these, with hearty will, basted the sailors, breaking heads and fracturing bones in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden; the sailors thence proceeded to St. James's, where the chairmen chiefly plied for hire, to wreak vengeance on their chairs, but the Irishmen beat them again, and the Guards quelled the riot. The day following both parties were reinforced, the sailors vowing vengeance, left the hustings to intercept Fox on his way to Westminster to canvass; but he luckily managed to elude them, and escaped into a private house; the sailor-mob returned to Covent Garden, where they encountered the "honest mob," the chairmen being joined by a multitude of butchers, brewers' men, and others. A series of pitched battles



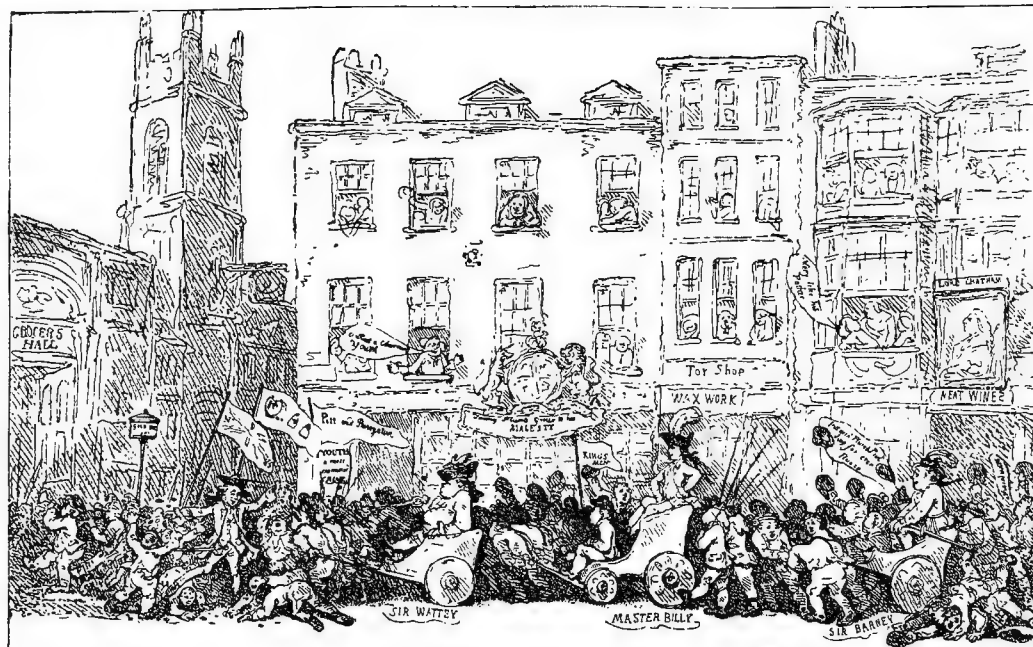
Fox North

NO. 26, T. ROWLANDSON: BRITANNIA AROUSED, THE END OF THE COALITION. "THESE WERE YOUR MINISTERS."

Within the Senate, and without,
Our credit fails; the enlighten'd nation
The hoisted Coalition scout,
And hunt us from th' Administration.

"Fox, let thy soul with grace be fill'd!
Expect no other call but mine;
With penitence I see thee thrill'd,
With new-born light I see thee shine.
How spruce will North beneath thee sit!

With joy officiate as thy clerk!
A tune the hymn, renounce his wit,
And carol like the morning lark!



NO. 27, T. ROWLANDSON: MASTER BILLY'S PROCESSION TO GROCERS' HALL—PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS—PITT PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY, 1784

The City interests and votes, young Pitt would fain obtain,
For Freedom of the City, too, he does not sue in vain;

So Master Billy goes in state, a Grocer to be made,
A fig for Fox, the Premier cries, I've pushed him out of trade.



NO. 29, T. ROWLANDSON: HONEST SAM, HOUSE, THE PATRIOTIC PUBLISHER—CANVASSER FOR FOX, 1784

See the brave Sammy House, he's as still
As a mouse,
And does canvass with prudence so
Clever:
See what shoals with him flocks, to poll
For brave Fox.
Give thanks to Sam House, boys, for
Ever, for ever.
Give thanks to Sam House, boys, for
Ever!

Brave bald-headed Sam, all must own is
The man,
Who does canvass for brave Fox so clever!
His aversion, I say, is to small beer and
Wray!
May his bald head be honour'd for ever,
For ever!
May his bald head be honour'd for ever!

the Strand were the scenes of daily combats between the rival mobs; the papers were filled with squibs of the most personal nature, according to their respective sides in politics, and hundreds of pictorial satires appeared on every incident, and embodying all the successive stages of the struggle; Rowlandson, who entered with spirit into the contest, chiefly in the Foxite interests, alone produced on an average a fresh caricature every day; the best of these are reproduced in the life of the Caricaturist (Chatto and Windus); and a selection of these subjects, from the work in question, are given among the illustrations of the present number. The representatives of Westminster in the previous Parliament were Fox and Sir Brydges Rodney; Sir Cecil Wray, lately a follower of the Whig party, had been nominated for the last Parliament by the Whig chief, but on this occasion Wray ungratefully deserted his political leader, and was put forward as the Ministerial nominee, with the intention of unseating his late patron. The Court had resolved to exert every influence to cause Fox's defeat, on personal grounds; Admiral Lord Hood was also a Court candidate, but it was Wray who was more especially held forth as the antagonist of the "Man of the people." Wray was the political apostate stigmatised as "Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his master," other charges against him were certain proposals he is said to have made for the suppression of Chelsea Hospital, and a project for a tax upon maid-servants; to these were added the general cries against his supporters of undue elevation of the prerogative, and "back-stair" influence.

Against Fox was raised the odium of the coalition with Lord North, and his attack on the East India Company's Charter was repre-



Lord Hood

Charles James Fox

Sir Cecil Wray

NO. 28, T. ROWLANDSON: THE RIVAL CANDIDATES—GREAT WESTMINSTER ELECTION, 1784

The gallant Lord Hood to his country is dear,
His voters, like Charlie's, make excellent cheer;
But who has been able to taste the small beer
Of Sir Cecil Wray?

In vain all the arts of the Court are let loose,
The electors of Westminster never will choose
To run down a Fox, and set up a Goose
Like Sir Cecil Wray.

ensued, the sailors were defeated at each renewal of the fighting, and, finally, many of their number being carried off to hospitals severely injured, the rival popular mob was left in possession of the field. Special constables were now introduced, at the instance of the justices of the peace, who were in the Court interest, to surround the places where Hood and Wray's Committees met, and these behaved in a manner so hostile to Fox's party, going about impeding and insulting Liberal voters, and shouting "No Fox," that their presence provoked a fresh outbreak; on the approach of the "honest mob," heralded by the sounds of the marrow bones and cleavers, the insurrectionary signal, the constables made an attack, in which one of their own body was by mistake knocked down and killed by fellow-constables in the heat of the scuffle. In Rowlandson's pictorial versions of the different stages of this famous Election, the public were first excited against the Coalition Ministry, lately thrown out of office as described. "They Quarter their Arms" (No. 25) represents the contracting parties, Fox and Badger, united to share the Treasury spoils, and batten on the victimised John Bull; it was "money," which made the Coalition Wedding:—

Come, we're all rogues together,
The people must pay for the play;
Then let us make hay in fine weather,
And keep the cold winter away.

The downfall of the Coalition was pictured in "Britannia Aroused, or the Coalition Ministers Destroyed" (No. 26), in which Fox and

North are figuratively reaping the reward of iniquity. The astute young Premier, whose youth at this time was alleged as his chief crime, began to bid for "loyal addresses," and other servile expressions, to condone the rash experiments recently attempted upon the Constitution. With this view he cultivated the citizens, and being presented with the "Freedom of the City," he was entertained by the Grocers' Company; as the son of that famous Earl of Chatham, the greatest friend of the rights of the people, it was expected he would be equally steadfast in defending popular freedom, and was invited to represent the City in Parliament:—

But Chatham, thank heaven! has left us a son;
When he takes the helm, we are sure not undone
The glory his father revived of the land,
And Britannia has taken Pitt by the hand.

In "Master Billy's Procession to Grocers' Hall" (No. 27) the adulation of the multitude is offered to the "charming youth," who is declared to be "very like his father;" the "gold box" is carried before, and the voluntary slaves, who are harnessed to his chariot, are shouting for "Pitt and Prerogative."

The *dramatis persona* of the great performance at the hustings, Covent Garden, are exhibited as "The Rival Candidates" (No. 28); "Themistocles," Lord Hood; "Demosthenes," C. J. Fox; "Judas Iscariot," Sir Cecil Wray. One of the most enthusiastic partisans of Fox, and second only to his fair friends, the ladies of the Whig-aristocracy, in popular influence, was "Honest Sam House" (No. 29), the publican, remarkable for his perfectly bald head, his neat apparel, his oddity, and for his political zeal, who during the Election not only canvassed with admirable tact, but throughout the Election kept open house at his own expense, and was honoured with the presence of many of the Whig aristocracy.

The most active and successful of Fox's canvassers was undoubtedly the Duchess of Devonshire, who by the influence of her personal charms and her winning affability, succeeded in procuring for the Whig chief votes which would never have otherwise been polled in his favour. In the earlier stages Fox was behind both his opponents, and although Sir Cecil Wray had only a small majority, Fox was at his last gasp. The story is told in Wray's *Posthumous Memoirs* by an eye-witness of the incidents. "The party were driven to new resources, and the Duchess of Devonshire restored the fates of the Whig champion. The progress of the canvass thence forward is amusing. The entire of the voters for Westminster having been exhausted, the only hope was in exciting the suburbs.

the butcher episode. The practice of claiming some slight service, rewarded at election times with extravagant liberality, as a subterfuge for bribery, is shown in the Duchess engaging an elector to put a stitch in her shoe, and illustrated as "The Wit's Last Stake, or the Cobbling Voter and Abject Canvassers" (No. 31); a select group of outlying voters, secured after much exertion, are

seen conducted in triumph, and with "rough music," to the polling-place in "The Procession to the Hustings after a Successful Canvass" (No. 32). Chiefly owing to the opportune assistance of the Duchess, Fox was placed second on the poll; this circumstance was commemorated in "Every Man has his Hobby-horse" (No. 33). Fox may truly be said to have been carried into the House of Commons by his fair coadjutor. The fact that Sir Cecil Wray (who, as a double "Renegade," shortly rejoined the Whigs) appears to have gained but scant sympathy, and was defeated and done for, is turned to satirical account. A travestied view of Fox, North, and the Duchess—the latter wearing a foxtail in her hat—appeared "For the Benefit of the Champion.—A Catch, to be performed at the New Theatre, Covent Garden. For admission apply to the Duchess. N.B.—*Gratis* to those who wear large tails" (No. 34): the lady is pointing to a headstone put up in memory of "Poor Cecil Wray, Dead and turned to Clay." The fate of Wray, with Fox reinstated in his seat for Westminster, and the concluding election scenes at Covent Garden are figured in "The Westminster Deserters Drumm'd out of the Regiment" (No. 35). Sam House, with his perfectly bald head, and dressed in the clean and natty nankeen jacket and trousers, his invariable wear summer and winter, is drumming Wray off the stage: "May all Deserters feel Public Resentment"—is the sentiment of both the indignant Chelsea veterans and buxom maid-servants to whom Wray's taxation projects had given mortal offence. "The Man of the People" is planting the standard of "Liberty and Britannia," and acknowledging his gratitude to his supporters with simple fervour. "Friends, and fellow citizens, I cannot find words to express my feelings to you on the victory." Finally, as an apotheosis of the fair champion who had contributed most of all to the success and glory of the triumph over the Court, Rowlandson etched the allegorical picture of "Liberty and Fame introducing Female Patriotism to Britannia" (No. 36). At the close of the poll Fox was 235 votes ahead of Wray, but the High Bailiff Corbett, acting partially, refused to return him on the plea that a scrutiny had been demanded: Fox was also a candidate for Kirkwall, so that in case of defeat at Westminster he might still have a seat. The party rejoicings and festivities at the conclusion of this Election are felicitously related by Wray, who enjoyed the advantage of himself participating in the scenes he pictures. "Still the Whigs were not to be disappointed of their ovation. The exultation of those gay times forms a strange contrast to the grim monotony of our own. Fox, after being chaired in great pomp through the streets, was finally carried into the court-yard of Carlton House. The Prince's plume was on



Duchess of Portland

Duchess of Devonshire

NO. 30, T. ROWLANDSON: THE DEVONSHIRE, OR MOST APPROVED MANNER OF SECURING VOTES, 1784

However courtiers take offence,
And cits and prudes may join, Sir,
Beauty will ever influence
The free and generous mind, Sir.

Fair DEVON, like the rising sun,
Proceeds in her full glory,
Whilst Madam's duller orb must own
The Duchess moves before her.



Sam House C. J. Fox Duchess of Devonshire

NO. 31, T. ROWLANDSON: THE WIT'S LAST STAKE, OR THE COBBLING VOTER AND ABJECT CANVASSERS, 1784

Dear Charles, whose eloquence I prize,
To whom my every vote is due,
What shall we now, alas! devise
To cheer our faint desponding crew?

Well have we fought the hard campaign,
And battled it with all our force;
But self-esteem alone we gain,
Outrun and jockey'd in the course.



Duchess of Devonshire

Charles James Fox

Lord North

NO. 34, T. ROWLANDSON: FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHAMPION—A CATCH. DEFEAT OF THE MINISTERIAL CANDIDATE, SIR CECIL WRAY, WESTMINSTER ELECTION, 1784

"Oh! help Judas, lest he fall into the Pit of Ingratitude!"
"The prayers of all bad Christians, Heathens, Infidels, and Devil's Agents, are most earnestly requested for their dear friend JUDAS ISCARIOT, Knight of the backstairs, lying at the period of political dissolution, having received a dreadful wound from the exertions of the lovers of liberty and the constitution, in the poll of the last ten days at the Hustings, nigh unto the Place of Cabbages."

The Duchess instantly ordered out her equipage, and with her sister, the Countess of Duncannon, drove, polling list in hand, to the houses of the voters. Entreaties, ridicule, civilities, influence of all kinds were lavished on these rough legislators; and the novelty of being solicited by two women of rank and remarkable fashion, took the popular taste universally. The immediate result was, that they gallantly came to the poll, and Fox, who had been a hundred behind Sir Cecil, speedily left him a hundred behind in return. An imperfect attempt was made on the hostile side to oppose this new species of warfare by similar captivation, and Lady Salisbury was moved to awake the dying fortunes of the Government candidate. But the effort failed; it was imitation, it was too late; and the Duchess was six-and-twenty, and Lady Salisbury thirty-four! These are reasons enough, and more than enough, for the rejection of any man from the hustings."

A certain lady I won't name
Must take an active part, sir,
To show that DEVON's beautiful dame
Should not engage each heart, sir.
She canvass'd all, both great and small,
And thunder'd at each door, sir:
She rummaged every shop and stall—
The Duchess had been before her.

The Tories in their annoyance resorted to libels of the most ungallant and ungenerous order; they accused the Duchess of wholesale bribery, and reported that she had in one instance bought the vote of a butcher with a kiss, a rumour which was immediately seized by the whimsical wits for the basis of endless exaggerations. "The Devonshire, or Most Approved Method of Securing Votes" (No. 30) embodies



Lady Duncannon

Duchess of Devonshire

Duchess of Portland

NO. 32, T. ROWLANDSON: PROCESSION TO THE HUSTINGS AFTER A SUCCESSFUL CANVASS—COVENT GARDEN, 1784

Then come ev'ry free, ev'ry generous soul,
That loves a fine girl and a fine flowing bowl,
Come here in a body, and all of you pol!
'Gainst Sir Cecil Wray!

For had he to women been ever a friend,
Nor by taxing them tried our old taxes to mend,
Yet so stingy he is, that none can contend
For Sir Cecil Wray.

his banners in acknowledgment of princely partisanship. A banner inscribed, "Sacred to Female Patriotism," recorded the services of the Duchess. The carriages of the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, each drawn by six horses, moved in procession, and Fox's own carriage was a pile of rejoicing Whiggism. On its boxes and traces, and where they could, sat Colonel North, afterwards Lord Guildford, Adam—who but a few years before wounded the patriot in a duel—and a whole cluster of political friends, followers, and expectants. The Prince came to the balustrade before the house* to cheer him, with a crowd of fashionable people. Fox finished the triumph by an harangue to the mob, and they in return finished by a riot, an illumination, and breaking Lord Temple's windows."

But the festivities were scarcely begun. The Prince threw open his showy apartments to the nobility, and gave them a brilliant *déjeûner* in the gardens, which happened to be at its height just when the King was passing through St. James's Park in state to open the new Parliament. The rival interests were within a brick wall of each other, and their spirit could not have been more strangely contrasted than in their occupations. But nights and days to those graceful pursuers of pleasure and politics alike knew no intermission. On that very evening the celebrated beautiful and witty Mrs. Crewe gave a brilliant rout, in which "blue and buff" was the universal costume of both

* For the screen of Carlton House Palace see "Coriolanus addressing the Plebeians," Parliamentary Electioneering Supplement No. 4 (Dec. 12, 1885), 1795-1820.

sexes; the buff and blue were the uniform of Washington and his troops, and imprudently adopted by Fox to declare his hostility to the Government. The Prince himself appeared in the party colours. At supper he toasted the fair giver of the feast in the words "True Blue and Mrs. Crewe." The lady, not unskillfully, and with measureless applause, returned it by another, "True Blue and all of you."

(37) We have seen Admiral Lord Hood's energetic canvass at the great Westminster Election, when, with the powerful assistance of the Court, he fought the Whigs, but failed to hinder Fox's Election. In spite of the victory gained in 1784 by their opponents, four years later the Ministerialists and the "King's friends" were again forced into a fresh contest on the same field, and were ignominiously defeated; the popular Lord Hood, their chosen champion, having in July, 1788, been appointed to a seat at the Admiralty Board, as a recognition of his services to Government, a fresh Election was necessary for the City of Westminster. The Whigs were still to the front, and Lord John Townshend came forward and canvassed in that interest, with such strong support from the Opposition that the Ministers now experienced a more inglorious reverse, their candidate being unseated, although recourse was had to every expedient, lawful or otherwise, that could promote the return of Hood, the Government nominee. The close of the poll showed Lord John Townshend with 6,392 votes, to Lord Hood's 5,569, thus giving two Whig members for Westminster. Gillray exposed the corrupt practices of the Court Agents in the caricature published on August 14th, 1788, entitled "Election Troops Bringing in their Accounts to the Pay-Table" (No. 37). The Premier is seen behind the bars of the Treasury Gates; the undisguised applications of his quondam allies are so compromising that it is inexpedient to acknowledge an acquaintance with such disreputable connections; but a saving compromise is suggested. Pitt is made to protest plausibly: "I know nothing of you, my friends. Lord Hood pays all the expenses himself;" then, in a whisper, "Hush! go to the back door in Great George Street under the Rose." Sir George Rose was Pitt's secretary and *factotum*; he is chiefly seen in the contemporary satires as associated with what was called "back-stairs influence," of which he may be accepted as Chamberlain; his scene of opera-

of Brentford," otherwise John Horne Tooke, the celebrated philologist.

(39) It is interesting to find that a certain grace was lent to the generally discordant elements of Electioneering by the zealous participation of Beauty in the canvassing department, where the seductive wiles of female charms and persuasions were relied upon, it is understood,

by his blunt originality attracted more attention than either the Mover or Seconder; he declared "that in his opinion the House of Commons might be justly considered as a parcel of thieves, who having stolen an estate, were apprehensive of allowing any person to see their title deeds, from the fear of again losing it by such an inspection." The personage depicted by Gillray is flourishing his whip "Pro bono Patriæ," and forcibly demonstrating his aversion to rival canvassers of the gentle sex, much to the consternation of the ecclesiastical hierarchy and gentry, while the rough townsmen are cheering their eccentric candidate, and promising to support him.

(40) It is to Gillray that we owe the version embodying the glorification of autocratic borough-mongering as "The Pacific Entrance of Earl Wolf into Blackhaven" (No. 40), Jan., 1792. Before Lord Grey's Reform Bill altered the constituencies, in the sordid old days of corrupt influence, when the representative system of electing Parliaments was purely theoretical, a certain number of territorial magnates apportioned about half the constituencies between them; of this, the "upper order," or aristocratic patrons, trafficked in the seats in exchange for "honours" for themselves, or lent their boroughs to support Ministerial influence in return for places and pensions, or offices—sinecures for choice—by which to provide for their less opulent relations; thus in the old lists of place-holders, pensioners, and Ministerial patronage may be traced the younger sons and cousins in several degrees, besides the names of those who have by marriage entered the families of the prime holders of "marketable ware," otherwise Parliamentary interest. When borough-mongering was a profession—a very highly paid one—and boroughs were farmed for sale, a less elevated class of adventurers treated the question of buying and selling "seats" in Parliament like any ordinary item of commerce. Thus Lord Chesterfield, whose authority is unquestionable, looking round for some venal borough to bring in that young hopeful to whom he addressed the famous "Letters," thinking it a finishing part of a gentleman's training to be in the House, the ex-Ambassador communicated with an agent, proposing to pay "twenty-four hundred pounds for a seat," presumably the price in Chesterfield's younger days; but he found seats had risen to inordinate rates—up to five thousand pounds—owing to imported competition, chiefly rich factors returned home with fortunes from the East and West Indies. Bubb Dodginton has set down in



NO. 36, T. ROWLANDSON: LIBERTY AND FAME INTRODUCING FEMALE PATRIOTISM (DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE) TO BRITANNIA, 1784

She smiles
Infused with a Fortitude from Heaven.—SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*.
Let envy rail and disappointment rage,
Still Fox shall prove the wonder of the age!
Triumph and Fame shall every step attend
His King's best subject and his country's friend!



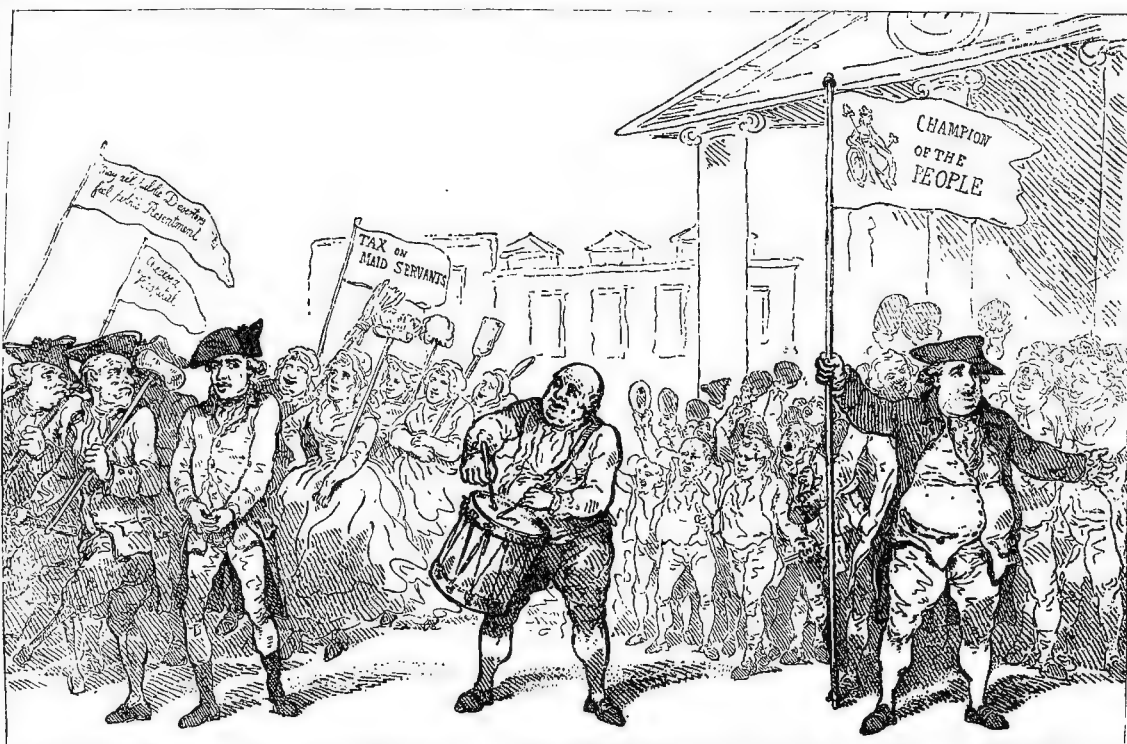
NO. 33, T. ROWLANDSON: FOX AND THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. EVERY MAN HAS HIS HOBBY-HORSE. THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE, 1784

tions was generally represented as the "back-door of the Treasury," where he diplomatically carried out the stratagems of the Premier—especially as in the present instance—in the indirect recognition of secret services.

Foremost in the ranks of Election troops is the modish Major Topham, a conspicuous personage in his day, who frequently appears in the caricatures of the time; his notoriety was due to the *World*, a society newspaper of the last century, of which the Major was proprietor, editor, and fashionable gossip-monger. Topham has brought a copy of his organ to prove the active support he had lent the Government during the Westminster contest, and is the first to present his bill "for puffs and squibs, and for abusing the Opposition."

A ragged newsboy from the *Star* has also brought his journal and a claim for payment "for changing sides, for hiring ballad-singers, and grub street writers." As usual, some scenes of a desperate character had marked the Election, and three downright bullies, giant troopers of the Guards, with ensanguined bayonets as evidence of their late employment, demand pay "for the attack in Bow Street;" a publican brings in the reckoning "for eating and drinking for jackass boys;" ballad-singers have come to claim "five shillings a day" for their professional services. A cobbler, with Hood's cockade, presents a modest bill "for voting three times" as "an independent Elector" (No. 38); a clothesman of the Hebrew persuasion is clamouring for money "for perjury, and procuring Jew voters;" and a body of Hood's sailors, armed with formidable cudgels, are come for payment "for kicking up a row" as in the Election of 1784, Hood's boisterous sailors were brought up to the hustings to support their Admiral, and were particularly violent and reckless in their zeal for the cause, in making those voters who were recognised as favouring the opposite party, and forcibly keeping them away from the polling booth.

In 1790 it is consolatory to find that the gallant Lord Hood was again returned for Westminster; Fox heading the poll with 3,516 votes; Hood, as a good second, with 3,217; on this occasion the Whigs lost a seat, for John Horne Tooke, although so prominent a figure, failed to repeat the success of Lord John Townshend. 1,679 votes were polled for the "Parson



NO. 35, T. ROWLANDSON: THE WESTMINSTER DESERTER DRUMMED OUT OF THE REGIMENT—DEFEAT OF SIR CECIL WRAY. HUSTINGS, COVENT GARDEN, WESTMINSTER ELECTION, 1784

Sir Cecil, be aisy, I won't be unshivil
Now the Man of the Puple is chose in your stead;
From swate Covent Garden you're flung to the Devil,
By Jabers, Sir Cecil, you've bodder'd your head.

To be sure, much avail to you all your fine spaiches,
'Tis nought but palaver, my honey, my dear,
While all Charley's voters stick to him like laiches,
A friend to our liberties and our small beer.
The Irish Chairmen to Sir Cecil Wray.

Worth more than all a Sultan's retinue.
They point the path, the missing phrase supply,
Oft prompt a name, and hint with hand or eye,
Back each bold pledge, the fervid speech admire,
And still add fuel to their leaders' fire.

The Election, by J. STIRLING.

The assistance of the fair sex was much relied upon for soliciting and securing votes, but at such turbulent times, when licence predominated, the Electioneering Circles must have been prepared for brusque exchanges of pleasantry, though hardly for such encounters as the one preserved in Gillray's "proof of the Refined Feelings of an amiable character, lately a candidate for a certain ancient city" (No. 39).

Some obscurity surrounds the incident represented, obviously the caricature was destined for Electioneering purposes, and the positive history cannot be traced; it is assumed that the three circumstances of the candidate being "an Eccentric," a sportsman, and a representative of a cathedral city point to Sir Charles Turner (created a baronet by the Marquis of Rockingham in 1782), who represented York from 1768 to 1783. This gentleman always dressed as a sportsman, wearing a green coat with "tally ho" buttons and top boots, &c., upon all occasions; he was described by Coombe (*Royal Register*) as "the Marplot of his own party, and in his Parliamentary capacity demands the pity of his friends, the contempt of the wise, and makes himself a laughing stock for the crowd." On the discussion of Pitt's motion for Parliamentary reform, 7th May, 1782, Sir Charles Turner



NO. 37, J. GILLRAY: ELECTION TROOPS BRINGING IN THEIR ACCOUNTS TO THE PAY TABLE, WESTMINSTER ELECTION, 1788

This condition of affairs produced a mechanical majority as long as the Prime Minister in power could command wealth and influence



NO. 38, J. GILLRAY: AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR, 1788

his "Diary" how he, the lordly proprietor of this said "marketable ware" went about bargaining to bring in Ministerial nominees for his five or six seats in exchange for places at the disposal of the Administration; and instances might be multiplied to a tedious extent from the Journals of the House containing the evidence of trafficking in boroughs and buying up voters both *en gros et en détail*.



NO. 39, J. GILLRAY: A PROOF OF THE REFINED FEELINGS OF AN AMIABLE CHARACTER, LATELY A CANDIDATE FOR AN ANCIENT CITY (YORK). A CANDIDATE ASSAULTS A LADY CANVASSER WHO HAS BEEN SOLICITING VOTES FOR THE OPPOSITION CANDIDATE

sufficient to secure a larger number of seats than the Opposition. It was in this direction that the famous electioneering genius, the Marquis of Wharton, spent a hundred thousand pounds in William III. and Queen Anne's days; while Walpole manipulated such huge sums, thinly disguised as "Secret Service Money," that, being never wealthy enough to purchase all, and meeting occasional honest members, he was, at intervals, impeached for corruption in a House two-thirds venal, as it is alleged.

Walpole's successors, when they finally drove him from office, bought elections on even a more extended scale. The Pelhams were clever dissemblers and apt negotiators for this commodity; it was written of the Duke of Newcastle, probably by his antagonist, Lord Hervey:—

And since his estate at elections he'll spend,
And beggar himself without making a friend;
So while the extravagant fool has a sou,
As his brains I can't fear, so his fortune I'll use.

Major Cartwright, the advocate of universal suffrage, who had the misfortune to live a trifle before the times were ripe enough for reform to be carried, addressed a petition to Parliament in 1820, showing "That 97 Lords usurped 200 seats in the Commons House in violation of our Laws and Liberties;" while 90 wealthy commoners "for 102 vile sinks of corruption (pocket boroughs) forced on the House 137 members;" Ministerial patronage returning another twenty, thus giving, according to the petitioner's statistics, "a total of 353 members corruptly or tyrannically imposed on the Commons in gross violation of the law, and to the palpable subversion of the constitution." At that time the Earl of Lonsdale commanded eight seats, as did the Earl of Darlington. William Pitt was seated in Parliament, 1781, by Lonsdale, then Sir James Lowther, who had been stigmatised by "Junius" as "The contemptuous tyrant of the North," he having himself declared that he was in possession of the land, the fire, and the water of Whitehaven. When the youthful Pitt became Premier one of his first acts was to acknowledge his obligations to "the Wolf," and Lowther was raised to the Peerage as Earl Lonsdale. The "pacific entrance" of this plutocrat shows the docile "free and independent voters" of Whitehaven, driven by Lonsdale's law agent, and lashed with thongs of "sham suits at law," dragging the Earl through the tumble-down streets of his town, every window



NO. 40, J. GILLRAY: THE PACIFIC ENTRANCE OF EARL WOLF (LORD LONSDALE, "THE TYRANT OF THE NORTH") INTO BLACKHAVEN (WHITEHAVEN), 1792

Even by the Elements his power confessed;
Of mines and boroughs Lonsdale stands possessed,
Thelwall

And one sad servitude alike denotes
The slaves that labour and the slaves that vote.—"Rollin."



NO. 41, J. GILLRAY: MEETING OF PATRIOTIC CITIZENS AT COPENHAGEN HOUSE.—SPEAKERS: THELWALL, GALE JONES, HODSON, AND JOHN BINNS, 1795

"I tell you, citizens, we mean to new dress the Constitution, and turn it, and set a new Nap upon it."

being illuminated with candles in his honour. He exclaims, "Dear gentlemen, this is too much; now you really distress me!" Mobs of his miners are cheering vociferously, he having brought the townsmen to submission by suspending the working of his coal-mines. Fair canvassers, with complimentary inscriptions on their banners, head the triumphal procession:—

The "Blues" are bound in adamant chains
But freedom round each "Yellow" mansion reigns.

(41) Before the Parliamentary dissolution of 1796, the kingdom was in an agitated state, for distress was prevalent among the poorer classes, the expense of the continental wars were impoverishing the country, and there was a general outcry for peace; bread riots were common at the time, and the price of provisions in general was exceptionally high; political agitators were taking advantage of these circumstances to fulminate against the King and his Ministers, and the various societies, called "sedition" by the Tories in office, received encouragement from the Whig party, whose prospects of succeeding to power were not encouraging. A meeting of an enthusiastic nature, largely attended, had been held in St. George's Fields, the scene of the former riots, to petition for annual Parliaments and for universal suffrage, theories which at that time were regarded hopefully, and which would, it was anticipated, redress existing grievances. In the autumn of 1795 meetings were held at Copenhagen Fields, where an immense multitude assembled to sign addresses and remonstrances on the state of the nation. The immediate consequences of the inflammatory orations pronounced by the people on this occasion was that, on the opening of the final Session of the Parliament which had assembled in 1790, the King, on his way to the Peers to open the House in State, was assailed by vociferous cries of "Give us peace and bread!" "No war!" "No King!" "Down with him, down with George!" Before the House of Peers was reached an attack was made on the Royal carriage, stones were thrown, and one passed through the window. The riot on this occasion was made the pretext for the Ministry to bring forward new Bills for the defence of the King's person, and to attempt farther infringements on the liberty of the subject by interfering with the right of public meetings.

The political clubs renewed their clamours for a more extended system of representation freed from corruption, and protested against Pitt's new enactments; the London Corresponding Society called another public meeting, at which the Premier is said to have shown symptoms of alarm. Gillray's engraving of a "Meeting of Patriotic Citizens at Copenhagen House" (No. 41), November 16th, 1795, satirises the order of agitators at

their disciples as the dregs of the people, as he represents them to be. This demonstration, which was largely attended, was held to protest against the Sedition Bill for the protection of the King's person, for which, it was argued, ample provisions were already legalised. Petitions to both Houses were prepared, and Remonstrances numerous signed.

This situation is embodied in the picture of the assembly where the orator, Thelwall, is holding forth to an audience which is more picturesque than distinguished. Platforms are arranged at intervals as rostrums for the speakers, at one of which a butcher is enlarging on "The Rights of Citizens." The proprietress of a halfpenny gaming-table has labelled it "Equality and no Sedition Bill." An emissary of Thelwall's is offering the Remonstrance to sweepstake for signature; and the autographs attached thereto, though notorious, are hardly such as to command the respect of the Crown or of Parliament—"Jack Cade, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw," &c.

Perhaps the worst strain on the endurance and dignity of the Ministers was that inflicted by the popularity of John Wilkes. They had, as illustrated in the foregoing pictorial squibs, by ill-advised persecutions converted him into the "idol of the people," a position of which his tact enabled him to take the fullest advantage. Referring back to the first of these papers, it has already been seen how the vindictiveness of the authorities precipitated struggles between the people and those engaged for their protection which ended fatally in several cases; the actual election of the "patriot" of the *North Briton*, though less tragical than the subsequent incidents, was little less mortifying for the Government.

He afterwards took an active part with William Beckford in promoting petitions to the throne, and, gaining favour in the City, he was elected Alderman, and finally secured the well-remunerated office of City Chamberlain. With prosperity, Wilkes forsook his old allies, "the friends of Liberty," and laid himself out for Court patronage, so that, at last, the wits represented him and his formerly outraged Sovereign as the two Kings of Brentford, and the best of friends.

JOSEPH GREGO



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

“ ‘Angela,’ said Maskelyne, ‘am I to go back?’—‘No,’ said Angela in an almost inaudible whisper.”

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of “Joseph’s Coat,” “Coals of Fire,” “Val Strange,” “Hearts,” “A Model Father,” &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

O’ROURKE, when he came to have time to think over it, scarcely knew how to be sufficiently surprised at Maskelyne’s behaviour, which appeared utterly unreasonable and absurd. Had Maskelyne broken out upon him before playing his cunning card in the person of Mrs. Spry the Patriot would have understood him better. But that he should nurse his anger until he had removed all cause for it, and should then suffer it to explode, was unreasonable beyond the common run of unreasonable things. That a man should be genuinely angry at a baseness by which he profited would have seemed altogether ridiculous to O’Rourke. The puzzle would have been a puzzle to him still, even if he had held the key to it.

Maskelyne had expressed himself as being willing to fight, but the Patriot smiled at this, though a little wryly, when he came to think about it. To begin with, there was nothing to fight for, and even if there had been it would have failed to tempt O’Rourke into so ridiculous an enterprise as a duel. He was going to marry more than a million sterling in a few weeks’ time, and he knew better than to risk that excellent prospect for the satisfaction of any man’s unreasonable anger. And Maskelyne’s anger was so very unreasonable. He had thrown the wealthy widow into his rival’s hands, and when that stroke of cunning had proved equal in effect to his utmost possible hopes of it, he was suddenly and unaccountably

enraged. Had his device failed, anger would have been natural, but to be wrath at the success of one’s own scheme was surely ridiculous.

As for Maskelyne himself, he went away, as may be easily imagined, with mixed emotions. In his own undemonstrative and quiet way he had nursed a real affection for O’Rourke. He had believed in him, and had hoped great things of him. He had had the profoundest faith in his friendship, and had believed the Patriot to be willing to do for him everything he had felt himself ready and willing to do for the Patriot, and even more. What he did almost looked small. His own good actions were of less value to him than the mere impulses to goodness with which he credited other people.

This turn of mind made him feel the Patriot’s betrayal all the more keenly, and he was wounded to the core. Through all the time during which he had resigned himself to the loss of Angela he had found it necessary to invest the conquering O’Rourke with the finest attributes. For one thing, it was needful to him to vindicate Angela’s choice. She must not have chosen anybody but the most worthy of men. For another, he had found a sort of soothing in his own humiliation as compared with O’Rourke.

He felt a part of his own anger to be unreasonable, and yet he could not command it out of being. It was surely a good thing for Angela that O’Rourke—being as base as he had proved to be—

should have resigned his share of her, and yet Maskelyne felt nothing more bitterly than that he had thrown her over. To think of that superb and incomparable creature being jilted was infamous. And to think of her being jilted by so hollow-hearted a pretender was, if possible, more infamous still. But here he began to ask himself, being above all things a chivalrous-minded young man, what right he had to think of Angela as cutting so poor a figure? Had she been jilted? Had there really, after all, been any sign on her part that she had fallen captive to the base one’s graces? There had never been much doubt, or room for doubt, in his mind, as to O’Rourke’s pretensions. They had been evident almost from the first. But except that Angela had been kindly and amiable with him, where was the reason for imagining that she had ever been in the position to be jilted?

These queries, started at first as a shield and defence for Angela, became, before long, something of a hope for him. If O’Rourke had never touched her heart—and it was infinitely easier to believe that now than it had been whilst he was hovering about her presence, and paying open court to her—there was still as much chance as there had ever been for her old lover. The idea of Angela accepting him as a consolation was too truly dishonouring to her ever to occur to him. But it did occur to him to fear that she might read his new presence in Houfroy in that light, if he should find courage to present himself again. But then again—since he felt the thought dishonouring

to himself, was it not still more shameful to make it in his own mind a possible thought for her? And so on, like a lover. The ordinary lover-like labyrinth of his fancies was all the more intricate because he was at once desperately honourable and a casuist by nature. To be a casuist, and yet to come to quick conclusions, implies a certain want of downright honesty. To be a casuist and honest, is pretty generally to arrive at one conclusion only; the conclusion that no conclusion is clear.

But in spite of himself there was one course so plainly open to him that at last he had to take it. He had never said his good-byes at Houfouy, and in common politeness he was bound to do it. His visit to Dobroski had been made under cover of a general statement of business in England, and he had received one or two letters from Major Butler, asking him if his business were not yet over. The Major had meant to make his letters less pressing in tone than he would have cared to make them if he had been afraid of seeming to throw his niece at the head of a millionaire. But the Major was no great hand at finesse, whether on paper or off it, and the delicacies of difference which he had felt in his own mind did not make themselves apparent in his letters. Maskelyne re-read them now, and came to the conclusion that they were warm and cordial enough to merit an answer.

He wandered about in his own home-made labyrinth until he had quite made up his mind that there was no way out of it, or through it. But finally, he packed up a portmanteau, took the tidal train, and carried his cobwebs to Brussels. There they were just as strong and unbreakable as ever, and even when, a day or two later, he carried them on to Janenne they seemed to bind him in like strands of steel. But being actually at Janenne he found that he had added a new perplexity to his old ones. He was still as far as ever from seeing his way to Houfouy, but he saw quite clearly that it was impossible not to go.

The people who had made Janenne attractive to his mind were all away. Fraser and O'Rourke, Dobroski and Farley had all flown. O'Rourke, of course, had gone for ever. The place where he had last been sure of him as a friend was now the more cheerful for that reflection.

A considerable quantity of baggage still lay at the Château at Houfouy, and he was travelling now with a single portmanteau and a dressing case. He did not dare to remove these from the railway station to the hotel, lest he should seem to slight the Major's hospitality, but he ate a tasteless and lonely meal in the *salle à manger*, and then wandered indeterminately in the direction of Houfouy. The day was inclining towards its close, and there was a sense of peace in the wide fields to which he was not altogether insensible, foolishly broken up and down in spirit as he was. The fields were more inviting than the road in many ways, not least, perhaps, because they offered fewer chances of encounter. He crossed the bed of the dried-up river at the very spot at which O'Rourke had seen the pretty widow standing alone so short a time before, and plunged into the wood which clothed a hill side beyond. He mounted by a narrow path, reached the hill top, and, still threading his way through the wood, came at last to a lofty open space, from which he could see the château. His heart leapt at the sight of that ridiculous edifice, with its towers and turrets. His heart leapt and sunk again. He sat down upon the grass and stared at the house with melancholy eyes, like an outcast, though there was not the remotest reason in the world why he should not have walked courageously and comfortably up to it, and made himself at home there. When he had sat for a considerable length of time gazing in silence, he sighed and said,

"Love is not all beer and skittles, George." Then once more he was quiet for awhile: "What brings you here?" he began to ask himself. "What are your motives? What are your prospects?"

To each of these queries he shook his head, and answered nothing. He could find no resolve within himself, no footing for resolve, but somehow the house, being within sight, seemed to exert a magnetic influence upon him, and presently he found himself afoot again, and walking aimlessly towards it. He had always found it easy to despise himself, and now it seemed easier than ever.

Sauntering in this downcast and irresolute mood, he found himself suddenly charged by a troop of half-a-dozen dogs, who all leaped and bayed about him, with demonstrations of welcome. Following them, a gun under his arm, appeared the Major, and behind the Major a *garde-chasse*, who bore the dead bodies of a pair of well-grown foxes.

"Hillo!" cried the Major cheerily, while yet a hundred yards away. "How are you, old fellow?"

Maskelyne bent his steps towards the advancing Major, conscious of a something hang-dog in his own aspect. Butler's greeting made it evident that he noticed nothing of the restraint with which the returned visitor was afflicted.

"Upon my word, I'm glad to see you. How well you're looking! No idea you were going to stay away so long. How's O'Rourke? Have you seen him in town? Could hardly help that, I suppose. How is he?"

"He was in health when I saw him last," said Maskelyne, on whose nerves the mention of his wicked rival grated.

"Delightful fellow, he is," said the Major. "Had a great objection to meeting him at first. Didn't like those Home Rule notions, you know. Never had any affection for that Parnellite lot. But, upon my word, O'Rourke has a kind of a personal quality, don't you know?"

"He certainly can be very charming when he pleases," returned Maskelyne. He was not going to traduce O'Rourke to Major Butler, but he could have wished the Major had chosen another theme.

"I suppose he hasn't told you—" began the Major. "Now, I wonder if he has. Has he told you anything as to his own private prospects lately? Anything a little startling? Eh?"

It was easy to see what the Major was driving at, but it was not easy to see how to answer him. Maskelyne was in the mood to be easily embarrassed. Butler looked sideways at him with a sort of triumphant drollery, as if the something startling in O'Rourke's private affairs had been of his bringing about.

"I don't think I am altogether free," said Maskelyne, awkwardly, "to mention anything Mr. O'Rourke may have told me about himself."

"Oh," cried Butler with a laugh. "The lady has split upon him. She's been telling such a lot of people in strict confidence that everybody knows about it. I heard of it in Brussels, and when I brought the news home as a surprise, I found out, begad, that it had been in the house a week, and that I was the only one who hadn't known it."

"Indeed!" said Maskelyne. "It's a lucky thing for him," continued the Major, "and for my own part I was glad to hear it. Partly because I think he's a very deserving fellow, and partly—I've noticed that when young fellows get extremely Radical notions into their heads, there's nothing cures 'em like having something of their own to lose. Of course it's always easy to spot the winner when the race is over, but I really did think that there was something going on. You never heard a woman talk about a fellow as Mrs. Spry did about O'Rourke. She was always cracking him up, until, upon my word, the thing was laughable. She's a simple-hearted, nice sort of little woman, and though I don't suppose that O'Rourke's much of a match for her as to dollars she'd go a deuce of a distance, let me tell you, before she found a better husband."

The Major had not many people to talk to at Houfouy, and the

unrestricted use of his native language was a treat to him. He did not notice Maskelyne's silence until he had exhausted his own budget of news, and had made his final reflection upon its contents. By that time it began to strike him that Maskelyne's manner was unusually subdued and serious.

"I say," he exclaimed, stopping short and turning to face the young American, "you're not looking very bright just now. Aren't you ill?"

"No," returned Maskelyne, "I have been very well."

"You don't look it," said the Major, bluntly.

"I am quite well," said Maskelyne. "Quite well, I assure you."

"You're as yellow as a guinea," the Major responded, "and as thin as a rake."

"There is nothing the matter, I assure you," said Maskelyne, moving on again. The Major moved on also, but shook his head, and regarded his companion with a serious air. Suddenly the young American stopped again, and his heart gave a great bump against his side. He had, so far as he knew then, or could have told afterwards, no more resolve within him than he had experienced at any one moment in his late irresolute days, and yet he knew that he was going to speak and to decide his fate. "Major Butler, I want to say a word to you upon a topic of great moment to myself."

"Yes?" said the Major, facing him, and transferring his gun from one arm to the other.

"You are Miss Butler's guardian," said Maskelyne; and this time the Major's heart bumped, for he saw what was coming. He paled a little, and his monosyllabic reply was hoarse and indistinct. "I have to ask your permission to approach your niece with an offer of marriage." This sounded clumsy and stiff to the proposer's ears, but it had at least the merit of directness.

"My dear Maskelyne," said Butler almost as hurriedly as if he had feared the offer might be retracted. "I am delighted to hear you say so, and I wish you luck."

"I am right in assuming that Miss Butler is free?" asked Maskelyne, feeling as if some one else were talking foolishly, and he were sympathetically sorry and ashamed for him.

"Certainly," said Butler. "Certainly. She's only a child. Never had a proposal in her life." They began to walk again, very slowly, and the Major was tempted to say that Maskelyne's proposal had taken him by surprise. This temptation had the more force because he was conscious of a necessity for saying something, and could think of nothing else to say. By and by it occurred to him that it would be at least as useful to say that the proposal had not taken him by surprise, and that the latter would have at least the merit of being true. "I thought you had something of this kind on your mind when you were here before," he said. "That is, I fancied you might have." He began to feel awkward and guilty, and to remember how often he had purposely left the young people alone together. "It was never anything more than a fancy," he added therefore. "Will you speak to her yourself?" he asked rather desperately, "or shall I?"

Before Maskelyne could reply to this question, and, indeed, before it had been fairly put to him, no less a person than Angela herself appeared at the edge of her favourite pine wood,—at the identical spot, if anybody had known it, at which O'Rourke had been detected by Dobroski in the act of embracing the pretty widow. The two men caught sight of the girl at the moment at which she caught sight of them. Maskelyne raised his hat, and Angela came forward to meet them.

"I will speak for myself," said the lover in an undertone, "if you will allow me."

"Of course," replied the Major; "of course."

He began to beam with triumph and complacency. Angela, blushing and pale by turns, walked towards them at so slow a pace that Maskelyne thought her reluctant. She shook hands with an enforced smile.

"You have finished your business in England?" she asked. "Welcome to Houfouy."

"Look here, Maskelyne," said the Major; "you'll excuse me for just a minute, I know." With that he turned tail and bolted triumphantly, and Maskelyne stood holding the girl's hand in his own. She made a little attempt to withdraw it, but he insisted on retaining it, and she let it rest.

"I had no business in England," said Maskelyne; "but I was afraid to come back."

"Afraid?"

"I don't know how I found the courage to come at all," he answered. "But I had to come." Angela made another little movement to withdraw her hand, but he held it still. "Miss Butler, I love you; and I am here to ask you if you will be my wife."

Miss Butler bent her head and said nothing; but he was not to be beaten now by anything short of sheer defeat.

"I never thought of marriage until I saw you," he pursued; "and if you say 'No,' I'll go away at once, and be no more trouble to you. I'm a worthless, good-for-nothing sort of fellow, and I've never done anything but loaf about and spend other people's earnings; but I think I should be a better man if you took me in hand. If I didn't believe so I should be too much ashamed to dare to ask you. Will you try me, Miss Butler? I should have one merit. I don't believe anybody was ever so dear to anybody else as you are to me."

Still Miss Butler bent her head and said nothing. He took her hand in both his own.

"Angela," he said, "do you send me away again? Am I to go back?"

"No," said Angela in an almost inaudible whisper.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE gentle monosyllable seemed to take Maskelyne's breath away. He had so thoroughly made up his mind to failure that the first hint of success overpowered him. This singular result of unexpected triumph did not last long.

"You really don't want me to go?" he asked.

"No," she answered, still with her eyes downcast and her face hidden.

"I may stay?" he said, somewhat unnecessarily perhaps; but like a lover, after all. She did not answer this superfluous query, and Maskelyne, who could be courageous when he was winning, put an arm about her waist, and repeated it. "I may stay?"

"Yes," she said, looking up at him for a mere instant, and then drooping her head once more.

"Always?" It was so delightful after long despair that he could have gone on asking these unnecessary questions till to-morrow. "For ever?"

She whispered "Yes" again, and made no effort to repulse him when he drew her nearer to his side and kissed her.

The whole of the interview had been so brief, that the *garde-chasse* had not reached the gate of the drive when things had arrived at this stage. Angela and Maskelyne were alike unconscious of him; but he turned and saw, and grinned broadly over all his round and sun-tanned Belgian face. He would have hidden behind the nearer fir-trees to see more, for he was a fellow of no particular delicacy; but the Major's eye was on him, and he was compelled to abstain from that enjoyment.

"What are you grinning at?" demanded his employer, when the *garde* drew near. Butler was so anxious that he forgot his feeble French altogether.

"Plait-il, m'sieu?" said the *garde*.

"Pourquoi riez vous?" demanded the Major.

"Pardon," said the *garde*. "I was thinking of something that happened in the village yesterday."

The Major grunted and walked on, not in the least believing his statement. He sent the *garde* to the back premises, with instructions to ask for beer and to skin the foxes, and, being left alone, he strolled into the plantation with a casual air, and a sense of meanness which could not vanquish curiosity. He walked on tiptoe on the soft and soundless carpet of fir-needles, reddish-brown in their decay, and peered through the trees into the open meadow beyond. He was horribly ashamed of himself; but he had no sooner come in sight of the pair than shame fled to make room for joy. For there was Maskelyne with an arm about the girl's waist and in the very act of kissing her. Butler clasped his hands together, laughed noiselessly, and ran back to the château beaming all over. In the drive he caught sight of the *garde*, who turned to hide the broad grin which creased his features. Then in the Major's heart joy made room for shame again, and he strode into the house with a lordly air which belied his inward sensations.

Yet in the sunshine of this splendid stroke of good fortune shame could not linger, and when the Major, after the expiration of half-an-hour, saw from the parlour window Maskelyne and Angela walking down the drive together, he felt so exultant that he ran away to hide the triumph that suffused him. The girl walked with her eyes upon the ground, trailing her parasol beside her, and smiling softly. The successful lover bent over her as he walked, in an attitude full of worship, tenderness, and protection. They had the quiet salon to themselves for one beneficent half-hour, and in that time Maskelyne, who had done with his shyness, told the tale of his despair, but left O'Rourke out of his narrative, though not out of mind. Angela confessed. She had loved him all along. She also had been unhappy and almost despairing, and was happy now—infinite happy.

So they talked—he confessing freely and triumphantly, and she shyly and in answer to his tender questioning, until the Major, with his hand upon the handle of the door, paused without to shout an order to one of the servants as a warning. Then, when after this admirable bit of diplomacy Butler entered, the young man took the maid by the hand and advanced to meet her guardian.

"Major Butler," he said, "allow me to present to you my future wife."

At this the Major kissed Angela (who cried a little and clung to him as if she had to ask his forgiveness for some discovered crime), and then shook hands with Maskelyne.

"I believe," said he, clearing his throat, and beginning to find the situation almost pathetic, "I really do believe that you've chosen the best girl in the world."

"I know it, sir," returned Maskelyne, with infinite gravity. The world is wide, good girls are plentifully sprinkled up and down in it, and the young man's opportunities of comparison had been for the most part wasted, and yet he felt so absolutely persuaded in his opinion that it seemed almost absurd to take the trouble to state it. He was one of those people who would rather not talk at all than talk mere truism and platitudes.

The lovers were left a good deal to themselves, but a day or two passed before Angela found the courage to put one belief of hers to the test. She was fairly certain of it, but she wanted to be sure, for more than a single reason.

"You remember our journey to the Grottoes?" she asked, when she felt brave enough to approach the theme.

He remembered it well, and said so. It seemed, looking back upon it, to have been the unhappiest day of his life, but he kept that fact or fancy to himself.

"Do you know," she said, with a delightful mixture of courage and shyness, which so charmed the lover's heart that he stooped to kiss her there and then, "I thought you would have something to say to me that day."

They were walking in the shelter of a pine wood. Outside the sun was baking the bare fields, but within the wood the air was deliciously soft, and only a straggling sunbeam here and there made its way through the thick tangle of overhanging boughs, and laid a fleck of vivid red or yellow on the soft carpet at their feet.

"Did you, darling? Why? And what did you think I should say?"

"I thought so," she answered, with a shy and smiling evasion.

"And I am not altogether—I am nearly, but I am not altogether sure that you did not give me reason."

"I was always giving you reason," said Maskelyne. "But I was afraid of you."

"Will you promise," she asked him, "that you will never ask me to explain if I am mistaken?"

"I will promise anything you can ask me." As he spoke he took her little gloved hand and kissed it.

"Did you ever do that before?" she asked.

"Never."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Am I quite sure? She can ask"—he glanced round as if appealing to nature at large—"if I am quite sure of a thing like that? 'Are you quite sure?'"

"You promised me to ask no questions." She tried to speak lightly, but she panted a little, and it cost her an effort to smile.

"I will keep my pledged word. I never did it before, but I will do it again—if I may. In token of submission."

"Not in the *sortie* from the Grottoes?" she asked him suddenly.

"No," he said, with a look of momentary perplexity. Then he remembered O'Rourke, and Angela looking up at him saw the look of sudden understanding in his face.

"I thought you did not afterwards," she said. "But I thought at the moment that you did. And now I absolve you from your promise. You can ask me anything you please."

"Some one kissed your hand in the darkness of the *sortie*?"

"And I submitted to it," she answered, with a sudden flash of anger. "But you know why," she added, clinging to him a little in a tender vehemence, and then blushing fierily and releasing him. "Oh, George," she said, "I felt bound to tell you for—many reasons. I have felt so humiliated, so indignant. I never deserved it, and he is a false friend. He knew. I am certain that he knew."

"So am I," said Maskelyne.

"I am afraid it is very wicked," sighed Angela, "but"—with vigour—"I hate him."

"It is not very wicked," said Maskelyne. "Perhaps it is a little disproportionate."

"But I was wicked," replied Angela, decidedly, almost defiantly. She added with drooping head and tremulous voice—"I—I played him off against you. Oh! I have been so ashamed. I had to tell you. You—you are not very angry with me, are you, George?"

Whatever sentiment may have been inspired in Maskelyne's bosom by this terrible confession was expressed in the action of an arm which stole round his companion's waist; but she would not be satisfied so. She had to complete her own humiliation, for girls in love delight at times in feeling inferior to their conquerors.

"You are not very angry, George?"

"Not very," George replied, emphasising the declaration by a little pressure of the encircling arm.

"I never thought," continued Angela, in pursuit of her own punishment, "at first that he meant more than to be agreeable and entertaining, but I was false and wicked enough to want to make you think he did. But I never deserved that he should be so impertinent."

(To be continued)



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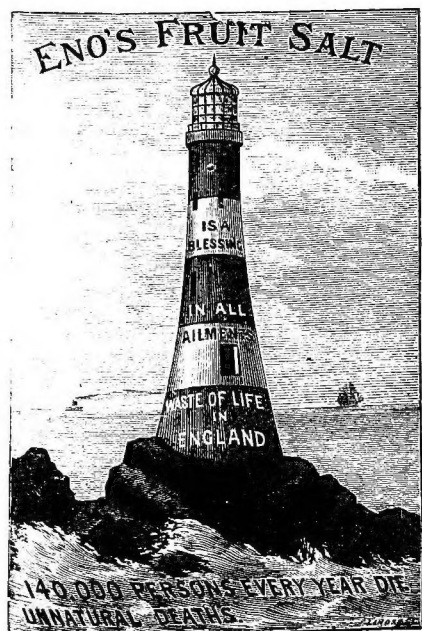
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